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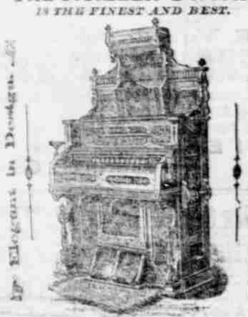
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IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

Is marriage a failure? I asked of a maid
Whose life had gone out from the shine to the shade,
Whose skirts were all draggled and stained with the dew
Of grasses the scythe of the years had gone through—
Is marriage a failure? and turning her head
To the long trodden path she would never more tread,
Lamenting her fate, with an audible sigh,
From out of her bitterness, answered me: "Aye."

Is marriage a failure? I asked of a bride
Who lived in the present with fulness of pride,
Whose lips were just meeting the flagon of wine
She must drink to the lees in her revel divine—
Is marriage a failure? and quick in her cheek
The happy heart-current was eager to speak,
Her lips were apart and her eyes were aglow,
As, out of her heaven, she answered me: "No."

Is marriage a failure? I asked of a man
Whose volumes of nature were "read as he ran,"
Whose purpose in life was "to have and to hold,"
Whose passion was self and whose deity gold—
Is marriage a failure? and quicker he went—
No moment in folly like this to be spent—
But hearing full well as he hastened on by,
He laughed in my face, and he answered me: "Aye!"

Is marriage a failure? I asked of a pair
Who stood in the sunset with silvery hair,
Whose evening of life was approaching its close,
In odor of hay and in scent of the rose—
Is marriage a failure? and woman and man,
Who, toiling together, had tested the plan,
Who entered the brook and kept on with its flow,
Till reaching the ocean—they answered me: "No."

Is marriage a failure? I asked of a beast,
Untouched at the hands of a hallowing priest,
Whose will was his law, whose muscle his boast,
Who looked on the world as his brothel at most—
Is marriage a failure? and up from his lair,
From caverns of darkness, from foulness of air,
Came loudly his savage and sensual cry,
That told of his nature and answered me: "Aye."

Is marriage a failure? I asked of the birds,
When their music of spring they were setting to words,
When hu lding their houses on leafy estates
And teaching their young to be couples and mates—
Is marriage a failure? and out of the grove,
Their odorous Eden of innocent love,
The singers in answer were unified so
That echoes from everywhere uttered their "No."

Is marriage a failure? I said to myself,
As I peered in the eyes of a tangle-haired elf,
And then in the graver and holier face
Of her of my bosom—thank God for His grace—
Is marriage a failure? and out of my breast,
In pity for all of such bondage unblest,
With every glad pulse of my being aflow,
The answer came swelling: "A thousand times, No."

—*Henry T. Stanton, in Washington Post.*

FAMILY JARS.

How Reuben and I Came to Have Our First Falling Out.

Reuben and I had been in our own little home only a month. We had come from our wedding trip to the "little nest," as we called it, that had been made ready during our absence, by the loving thoughtfulness of those who were anxious to see their children well-started, without what Aunt Patience called the boarding-house risk. We were going through the rooms together, full of delighted surprise at sight of all the attractive and comfortable articles of furniture, and Reuben was whispering of the great happiness in store for us in the new home, when suddenly was flashed across my mind the words of Aunt Patience, whispered to me on my marriage evening, after I had put on my traveling garments. We were walking hand-in-hand, when I said, under my breath: "Reuben, I wonder what Aunt Patience could have been thinking of when she said to me at the last: 'Be careful, Annie, of a first word that may lead to a falling out,' as if there could possibly be a falling out between us!" Reuben tightened his clasp of my hand, and whispered in reply: "As if there could, indeed, my dear!" Now I think of it. I believe that if I had been as lovingly watchful as my husband, there could not have happened what did happen.

The housekeeping worked along very smoothly, I said so to my mother, who came to spend a week with us after we had been married a month, and she answered: "Yes, my dear, every thing is new now, all the trouble comes when things begin to seem old; you have a new house, new furnishing, a new and competent girl in the kitchen, and then, my dear, your married life is new; when, as I said, all these begin to grow old, then comes the trial of love and patience!"

"But, mother," I answered, "if I thought that our love could ever grow old, I should wish to die before that happened."

"I know, my dear," she replied, "but it takes watchfulness to keep it youthful and fresh, so many make a mistake here and imagine that it will take care of itself, and they become careless in trying to take care of it."

"But a love that you have got to watch all the time isn't the kind that is desirable, it seems to me, mother. Ours is the kind that will take care of itself."

Nothing more was said between us upon the subject; but I told Reuben about the conversation, and we laughed together at mother's fears.

The long, beautiful summer was passing fast away, and we entered its last month, looking back upon the flown months, so full of joy to us; the last week of it had come, when one morning I rose to meet new emergencies; my kitchen girl, who had been housekeeping in a sense also, had gone away for a week and I was left to a new experience. I had never cooked a whole meal in my life, and what if I should fail?

The breakfast was not a formidable undertaking, for I had learned to make an omelet, and there was the nice, sweet bread that my girl had made before she left, enough for a week, she said. When we were seated, and Reuben helped the omelet, he said: "We ... this is a greater success than Sarah makes of it. I have always said that there was no need of the first failures that we hear of among young wives in trying to get a meal. A bright, graceful creature like you could not help showing graceful results. My mother is that sort of woman, every thing comes out just right without a seeming effort!"

Before my husband went away for his office that day, I said: "Tell me, Reuben, what would you like for dinner," for my confidence in my ability had grown with his expressed thought of it.

"Well, my dear, I must own that I have, since we have been keeping house, missed the kind of pie that my mother made. I have sometimes wanted to ask you to make it, instead of Sarah, but I did not care to have you begin that kind of work just yet. But now that it is thrust upon you, I wish we might have a blackberry pie for dinner."

What could I answer but that it should be as he wished, while my thoughts flew towards the new cook-book that was still in the box among my wedding presents. Sarah had resented the idea of using it, and, alas! I had never thought it worth while before this morning to look into it.

"You may send up some beef for a roast," I said, in an assured way, and I could not help seeing that Reuben felt that we were just beginning to live.

I set about the day's work confident and happy. "It is just as Reuben says," I whispered to myself, as I sat down with my cook-book, and looked through the chapter on meats and vegetables first, "a woman with any grace and an idea of the fitness of things, is sure of making cooking a success, without giving such constant care to it."

The meat came, a very large piece; but then Reuben liked to do things in a grand way, and I was very glad of it. I could not endure an over-careful man who had even the suspicion of trying to scrimp about him. The blackberries were large, fresh ones.

I put my kitchen in order, and decided that I would begin at once my preparations for dinner. I quickened the heat of the range, turned to the pastry receipts, and followed down the column until I came to blackberry pie. I brought out my flour, lard, sugar and pastry-board. There was no rule for the proper quantities for one pie, and nothing exact as to the mixing of the crust, but I was not much disturbed by this, indeed I thought the compiler of the book had shown due respect to the "natural faculties of the housekeeper," and I put a generous amount of flour into the pastry bowl, and in the center a lump of lard.

The rule said rub the lard in, using the hands as little as possible. "If not the hands, what?" I asked. "Of course a spoon," my wiser self said to my first ignorance. There must be water. I brought a pitcher, poured in what I thought would be a generous quantity, and began to stir the mixture. "Stir lightly," stared at me from the open book, but it was not so easy to stir lightly as one might imagine. At last the dough seemed ready for the molding-board, and I emptied the bowl and began to roll out my crust. Such a time as I had! It took all my strength to get it into shape, but at last I had filled the crust with the berries, put on the pastry cover, trimmed the edge and placed my first pie in the oven, with a hope that amounted almost to triumph, that it would be even more worthy of the name than a like effort of Reuben's mother. I sat down to enjoy the feeling, and had lived in imagination through all the praise that would be given me on account of my great success, when my reverie was broken by a sound from the oven. I opened the door; my pie was very brown and there was a pool of juice around it. I took it hastily out and looked at it in dismay. What could I do? Plainly nothing.

I consoled myself for the lost juice as well as possible, and remembering that Reuben had once said he did not like pale pie-crust, decided that though mine did look a shade darker than his mother's, it was not surely spoiled.

The fire was certainly too hot, when the meat was cooked I needed to make it slower. Following this decision the heat of the oven was reduced, and the beef put into a pan half filled with water. I meant to have some gravy. Sarah usually failed in giving us all we wanted.

The dinner hour came, and I was dressed in a pretty muslin, and met my husband in the hall. He met me with those little words of greeting, that women prize so much, that might seem small and even foolish when told, and I led the way to the dining-room as to the place of my crowning.

Reuben began to carve; he was a long time about it, and he turned the meat several times before he cut the second slice. I watched his face eagerly, I wished to discover a sign of his gratification before it was expressed. But I saw nothing to encourage my hope that he would speak the words that I so longed to hear. We had eaten for a minute in silence, when he remarked:

"I ordered a tender piece of beef, but he has sent me the worst roast I ever had."

Plainly the beef was a great disappointment, and he was trying to make me believe that he thought the butcher should have the blame. I tried to hide my bitterness, and began to have a fear with regard to the pie; if that should be a failure I should be disgraced indeed!

It proved worse than I had feared. Reuben tasted a piece, laid down his fork and said in tones that he tried to have me think were those of jest: "A man never finds the pie-crust of to-day what he reads of in novels, and a pie isn't fit for one to eat, any way, unless—unless he feels that his stomach is up to the greatest effort of digestion, and mine isn't to-day."

Then I knew that I had utterly failed—knew it before I tried to taste a morsel of the heavy stuff I had so recklessly put together, and had dared to hope it might be even better than my husband's mother's pie.

"Why do you try to make fun of me?" I burst out. "You at least might have respected my intentions," I added, as I rose from the table flushed and excited. Reuben followed me into our little parlor, and tried to explain, but it was not an explanation that I wanted. I had prepared myself for unqualified praise; nothing but *that* would satisfy me. I can not tell how it became a quarrel, this discussion of ours; but when Reuben turned with a simple good-bye with no kiss, I felt as if my married happiness was already wrecked. The afternoon wore away, and I was bathing my eyes in my room, when I heard a gentle knock, and Aunt Patience entered. I ran to her, and cried: "Oh, auntie! I never needed you more in my life than I do now." Without seeming to notice my wet eyes and swollen face, she said: "I suppose so, my dear. I hear that your girl is gone, and young housekeepers find it very hard getting on alone before they have had experience."

Then I sank into her friendly arms and told her all, not sparing myself in the least, and trying to take most of the blame of the falling out between Reuben and myself. "Oh, auntie," I sobbed, "I remember your words on that first night of our marriage; if I had only believed it possible for me to speak a word that was unkind to my husband, I might have been saved all this."

"Poor child!" she whispered, as she did when I was a little girl and in trouble, "it has come sooner than I could have thought, but let us rejoice that there is time to save your married joy."

I had dried my eyes, dressed myself in a manner that Reuben liked, and was full of the purpose to make up with him, when I heard his well-known step. He came in, gathered me to himself, and said: "My dear wife, I have been a miserable man all the afte noon!" Then he tried to take all the blame to himself, which I would not allow, and it ended by our going down hand-in-hand to meet Aunt Patience, who sat cool and calm in the parlor. She had a few words of advice and warning for us both, and she said to my husband:

"Your mistake lay in supposing that any woman could make a success of her first week's housekeeping when she had never received the training of experience. Could you have gone into your office and have made things run smoothly at a first trial? No man is wise who supposes that his wife, though she has all the gifts and graces in the world, can be allowed a royal road to perfection in this department. He must be willing to witness with patience many failures in her experiment in this direction."

When she had finished her little lecture, she said: "Now, Annie, if you will come with me to the kitchen, I will make some tea rolls, and you may watch me."

I followed meekly, and looked on, observing the smallest detail, and then returned to invite my husband out to supper.

Aunt Patience remained with us through the week. She was the teacher, and I the learner, and when my girl came back I was the mistress not only of the parlor and dining-room, but of the kitchen as well. I tried experiments, made failures, had successes, but watched results from certain causes, and conquered at last, not surely without labor and thought, but the gain is worth all I gave to it, and now I can do a thing gracefully without fear, and seemingly without effort, and Reuben's praise is more to me than that of all the world beside.—*Mrs. M. R. Baldwin, in Christian at Work.*

Man in the Moon.

This individual is familiar in the traditions and the literature of every people from the earliest times to the present. There are stories which are supposed to date back to a period earlier than that of Moses, telling of the man who was put to death for gathering sticks on the Sabbath, and was sent to the moon to stay there ever after. A German story also tells about a man who cut sticks on the Sabbath, and who was caught up in the moon, fagots and all. It is believed that he is still to be seen, bearing his burden of sticks.

A similar story is told in Swabia, only in this case the punishment was for having stolen the wood, rather than for breaking the Sabbath.

A Dutch myth relates that the fellow was guilty of stealing cabbages on Christmas evening. His neighbors caught him out as he was making off with the plunder, and they "wished" him up in the moon. There he is to-night with his stolen cabbages.

In some of the provinces along the North Sea the man in the moon was a sheep-stealer, and the fact of his being locked down as he is with cabbages is accounted for by saying that he used to entice the sheep with these vegetables.

Still farther north the people talk about a giant who lives in the moon, and who is supposed to cause the ebb and flow of the tide. When the giant stoops, the water flows, and when he stands erect, the water ebbs again.

In Greenland the sun is a female divinity, and the moon is her brother. During their mortal lives upon the earth, the brother teased his sister. She threw up in the air, and became the sun; he could not fly so high, and became the moon; but he still pursues his sister, hoping some day to surprise her.

"When he is tired and hungry, in his last quarter, he leaves his house, on a sled e harnessed to four dogs, and hunts for several days. On his return, he eats so much that he again grows into a full moon."

The Russians have several accounts to give of the phenomena of the moon. One is that a man was looking for a land where there was no death. He took up his abode in the moon, but after he had lived there a hundred years, more or less, death found him out, and came there after him. A furious struggle between the moon and death took place. While it was going on, the man was caught up in the sky, and now shines "as a star near the moon."

The variety of these stories is by no means exhausted, but enough have been given that the reader may judge of their character. In them all the man in the moon is a very bad fellow, or a coward.

In a few instances he is identified with some historical scoundrel. The French have a theory that he is Judas Iscariot, who was transported there for his treason. Others have been inclined to think that he is Cain, carrying a bundle of thorns on his shoulders in punishment for offering to God the cheapest gift from his field. Dante refers to this notion in the second canto of the "Paradise," when he speaks of "the gloomy spots upon it is body" (the moon's), "which below on earth give rise to talk of Cain."

MY MARY.

How will it be in a hundred years?
My Mary.
We shall have passed through the vale of tears,
Bottomed its hopes and conquered its fears,
My Mary.

Shall love be colder in that fair land?
My Mary.
Shall I stand apart in some bright band,
And feel no more the touch of your hand?
My Mary.

Shall we have forgot the kisses sweet?
My Mary.
Keeping time with each fond bosom's beat,
Making an Eden of our retreat?
My Mary.

I see your dear lips parting to speak,
My Mary.
Loving words are the solace I seek—
Say them again, lest my faith grows weak,
My Mary.

"Love knoweth no ending," is that true?
My Mary.
I joy to know it is ever new—
Bliss would hardly be bliss without you,
My Mary.

"Love's fountain is there," I hear you say,
My Mary
And "Nearer the fountain, nearer the day,"
Glorious words to cheer by the way,
My Mary.

I see it all now, for ever more,
My Mary,
We shall be one and our love shall soar
High as the throne on that nightless shore,
My Mary.

—*William Lyle, in Detroit Free Press.*

IN A SNAKE'S THROAT.

Almost Swallowed by an Immense Boa Constrictor.

An Adventure on the Amazon—Cutting the Reptile in Two and Rescuing the Victim of Its Voracity —A Close Call.

Locating our camp on a suitable spot on the south shore of the Amazon, as nearly as that river can be said to have any shore, Murilla and I proceeded to make daily excursions into the forest in all directions, usually leaving two of the boatmen in charge of the camp, and taking the other two along to carry supplies. The concession proved to be a most magnificent forest. Mahogany trees were there by the thousand, needing but the woodman's axe and transportation down the river to fetch 250 pounds apiece. The tract was intersected by creeks in all directions, along which timber might readily be floated to the river.

It was some ten days after our arrival at the concession, when I took Murilla with me for a short expedition into the forest. It was a feast day with the Indians, and as we intended to return before evening we left them all four in camp, merely providing ourselves with a round of hard-tack apiece and some cold venison for lunch. At noon, where we sat down to eat our lunch, Murilla discovered near by a clump of low bushes bearing a yellowish berry. This fruit he professed to recognize as a familiar variety which he had often eaten down toward the coast, though he had never seen any before so far in the interior. After testing them he pronounced them delicious, but of somewhat different flavor to those on the east coast.

We both ate of the berries liberally without the least suspicion of injurious effects, I finding them, as Murilla declared, delicious. Ten minutes after eating the first berry, however, both of us became thrilled with a strange exhilaration. We became almost deliriously happy, Murilla bursting out in the Portuguese doggerel with boisterous hilarity as though intoxicated with absinthe. As for myself, my whole nervous system tingled with pleasing excitement to the very fingertips. I was fairly intoxicated. I have a vague recollection of making a ludicrous resolve to check my own wild impulse to sing by nodding my head in rhythmic approval of Murilla's vocal outburst—of seeing Murilla roll over on the ground, and immediately following his example. Then all became a blank.

This happened about midday. Not until nearly sunset on the following day did consciousness again slowly commence to assert itself. I then awoke—if a foggy idea of trying to extricate one's self from a hideous nightmare can be called an awakening—with a horrible sensation of helplessness. It seemed as though the lower half of my body was numbed and paralyzed by heavy pressure from all directions. A vague impression that my lower limbs were dead and all the blood forced out of them into the upper part of my body crept over me. My eyes seemed starting from their sockets almost, a singing was in my ears, and my breath came in labored pants; my throat was hot and dry with a raging thirst. I was not yet fully returned to my senses; like one drugged with chloroform, or a person freezing to death, my natural inclination was to let things take their course. It seemed useless to think of trying to extricate myself from the vise-like embrace that appeared to clutch me as in a rubber mold at terrible tension, from the waist down. It was only a nightmare which would pass away in a little while. And yet, it couldn't be a nightmare, for I was dimly conscious of being awake after all, and not asleep and dreaming.

Realizing this, by a supreme effort of the will I aroused my well-nigh dormant faculties to a sense that something terrible was the matter. The numbness had not reached my arms, and I tried to raise myself up—I was lying face downward. As I strove to rise I was dragged backward several feet along the ground. Horrified and bewildered, I raised myself up with a frantic effort, sufficient to look toward my helpless extremity. My God! I was half engulfed in the throat of a monster boa. This hideous reptile, finding me lying at length on the ground, stupefied, had deliberately set about swallowing me.

Now I was thoroughly aroused, the sensation was as though some powerful suction pump were employed in dragging me remorselessly down, down, down; inch by inch into the slimy depths of my devourer's stomach. I was suffering no physical pain to speak of; the dreadful pressure on the lower half of the body created only numbness there; above was a sense of oppressiveness, but there was an utter absence of acute pain.

An indescribably sickening odor also emanated from the monstrous reptile that was leisurely working me down his throat. It was the breath from the foul and slimy stomach that already entombed my feet and legs, and would ere long close over my head. Maddened at the loathsome prospect, I gave a horrified scream of agony, and clutching frantically at the ground I struggled frantically to release myself from the deadly embrace of the serpent's throat.

As well might some modern Canute try to stay the tidal wave's resistless course as I to struggle for freedom from that living vise stretched like rubber about every hair-breadth of what it engulfed. As I struggled I could feel the hooked fangs of my devourer clutch the buckskin jacket I was wearing and hold me like a pair of hungry nippers, while the horrible suction-pump below seemed to be worked with anxious energy.

As soon as I realized the utter hopelessness of accomplishing any thing by struggling a complete change came over me. I became as calm and collected as if there was nothing to be alarmed at in my position. So cool and philosophical did I begin to review the situation that I concluded I must have suddenly gone mad.

If there was the slightest hope of escape, I argued with myself, it would be in keeping my presence of mind and remaining perfectly quiet. Every struggle I might make to get loose would land me an inch further down into the depths of the boa's slippery tomb, by bringing into play the hooked fangs and arousing the activity of that horrible suction force within.

From my school-boy recollections of natural history came the conclusion that my devourer must have been a good twenty-four hours engulfing me up to the waist, and that by offering a merely passive resistance I might keep my head and shoulders outside as long as life remained. From the time I discovered myself to be in the boa's lethiferous grip until the above sensible resolve was arrived at could hardly have been three minutes.

For the first time since recovering consciousness my thoughts now found opportunity to wander from my own sensations, and my first thought was of Murilla. What had become of him? Was he, too, being devoured, or was he already destroyed? A gleam of hope shot through my brain at the query. Perhaps he is unharmed, and when he recovers from the stupefying effects of the berries will be able to render me assistance.

In my anxiety to see if Murilla were any where around, I tried to look about me. The movement disturbed the boa, and again he dragged me backward two or three feet, and again the pressure from below exerted itself anew to try and drag me in. So long as I remained perfectly quiet the boa seemed content to let nature take its course, and to remain in a semi-comatose condition. He seemed to realize that he had undertaken a tremendous job, and one that required a great deal of patience. The least movement on my part, however, he would interpret at once into an effort of his prey to escape, and would reciprocate by trying to swallow me.

Hours, that the horror of my position seem to lengthen into days, passed by; I thought I should go stark, raving mad, as I felt the fangs of my hideous devourer scraping against my buckskin jacket to try and inch me further down his throat.

The heavy odor of the reptile's breath was like some overpowering drug, which, if distilled and applied in moderation, might even be tolerable to the nostrils. Darkness came, and added to the terror of my situation. My nerves were now badly shattered, and, in the darkness, my plight was pitiable in the extreme. How shall I describe the weird horrors of that dreadful night? It seemed an eternity spent amid all the blackness and the mental tortures of hell itself.

Morning dawned at last, although I never thought it would come and find me in possession of my senses. Why it didn't find me a raving maniac, or a blubbering idiot, seemed the strangest thing that had yet happened.

My first thought was to ascertain whether the gutta-percha-like opening in my living tomb had gained on me during those awful hours of darkness or not. I was lying all this while face downward, and, although by this time weakened almost to a state of helplessness, I used my left hand to feel the taut rim of the boa-constrictor's jaws. They were three full inches higher up my body than yester eve. The excitement of the night I had just passed through had exhausted my emotions, and I remember that this sinister discovery awakened in me no sense of uneasiness.

I tried to form some plan of putting an end to my existence; but my brain refused to make connection between my dim, disjointed flights of thought. It was no longer equal to the concentration of a definite idea. I was now beyond all active emotions. Once I fancied I heard the cry of some animal or human being near by, but I was too far gone to pay any attention.

At last all seemed to be over with me. It was as though the darkness of night had gradually closed over me again; a roaring noise in my ears continued for awhile in the darkness, and then all was silent. I had sank into the unconsciousness of complete exhaustion.

I remember nothing more until I came to my senses again in our camp on the river bank. A couple of days' nursing by Murilla brought me round so that I could sit up and listen to his account of my rescue. The cry I fancied I heard just before sinking into unconsciousness was from Murilla. The effects of the berries had kept him stupefied until the dawn of the second day, the close of the night so full of horrible experiences to me. He had awakened, weak and burning with thirst. Rising up, he beheld not a dozen yards away my head and shoulders protruding from the mouth of a monster boa, whose scaly body lay in serpentine lengths among the debris of decaying forest fungus.

Taking it for granted that I was dead, and chilled with terror, he uttered the horrified cry which I had dimly heard, and rushed away to camp. Being an expert woodman, he had no difficulty in finding his way. The Indians had about given us up for lost. They had searched for us, but had never happened to visit the right place. Two were searching when he reached the camp. Trembling with weakness and terror, he told the Indians the fate that had befallen us.

Returning with axes and crocodile spears the party attacked the boa, chopping him completely in two just below the bulge in his body caused by my feet and legs, before he could escape. At the first blow of the axe the monster made spasmodic efforts to disgorge in order to attack his assailants. He tried hard to escape, but the axes were skillfully applied, and he was rendered powerless.

The severed head and neck had to be slit open before I could be released. At first they thought I was dead, but were soon rejoiced at discovering a lingering spark of life. Carrying me to the camp, resuscitative remedies were applied, and I was, as you have seen, finally brought around.

In a few days my health was restored sufficiently to start on our return journey down the river, but my own mother would have failed to recognize me. My hair, which was a dark brown when Murilla and I sat down to eat our lunch of hardtack and venison, was now as white as the scant locks of an old man of ninety—as white as you see it now. My nervous system had received a shock that left me a victim of nightmares and nervous fears and tremors for years afterward. But a naturally iron constitution finally over-rode the effects of my terrible experience and left me in possession of my usual excellent health.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

FUMES OF TOBACCO.

The Degree to Which They Are Disinfecting in Their Action.

It has long been a cherished theory, at least of smokers, that the fumes of tobacco were to a certain degree disinfecting in their action. To put this theory to a test, Dr. Vincenzo Tessarini, of the University of Pisa, has recently conducted an investigation into the action of tobacco smoke upon micro-organisms. He devised an apparatus consisting of two funnels placed with their mouths opposed, and sealed with paraffine. To each small end of the funnels tubes were attached, suitably arranged so that a cigar could be placed in one end, while the bacteriological smoker inspired at the other. The smoke was thus drawn into the large space made by the funnels, in which was a plate with various cultures of micro-organisms; control cultures were also used. The microbes were subjected to the smoke for from thirty to thirty-five minutes, during which time from three and a half to four and a half grams of tobacco were used. The micro-organisms tested were the spirillum choleræ Asiaticæ, spirillum Finkler and Prior, bacillus anthracis, bacillus typhi abdominalis, bacillus pneumoniæ, staphylococcus pyogeneus aureus, and bacillus prodigiosus. The kinds of tobacco used were the large Virginia cigars, the large Cavour cigars, the small Cavour cigars, the best cigarette tobacco. The results show that tobacco-smoke has the effect of preventing the development of some micro-organisms entirely, and of retarding that of others. The Virginia cigars seemed to have the most powerful effect, while cigarette-smoke had only a retarding influence, and did not entirely check the growth of any form. By first drawing the tobacco-smoke through water, it was found to have lost its germicidal properties.—*Science.*

SELF CONTROL.

Its Expression in the Use of the Hands.

There are few people who possess that absolute repose which marks the "Vere de Vere."

A person may be outwardly calm and self-possessed under all conditions and yet find a peculiar sustaining quality and moral support in some small article held in the hand. In this case a woman has the advantage over the sterner sex, as there are countless smelling bottles, *bonbonnieres* and the all powerful fan especially designed for the use of nervous feminine hands.

A man plays with his knife, fingers his watch chain or flutters his handkerchief, and there are few who quite know what to do with their hands when they are entirely unoccupied.

Lawyers are keen observers of human idiosyncracies and one of them in relating a story of a client gave as a point of interest the fact of the absolute repose and quiet of the client's hands. The case was important and the one most interested was a woman.

In talking the matter over with her the lawyer observed with surprise that she kept her hands empty and absolutely quiet. They were not even folded together, but lay in repose on her lap throughout the whole conversation.

The circumstance was an unusual one, as there are few who possess sufficient self control not to feel an increased sense of confidence and self assurance when the hands are supplied with some small article, which seems to render them less obtrusive and takes away any feeling of responsibility their owner may have regarding them.

—The "School for the Technical Training for Gentlewomen" opened in London last year, has begun its second year auspiciously. The course comprises instruction in dressmaking, cookery, millinery, upholstering, household management, domestic economy, clear starching and fine laundry work, book-keeping, hygiene, elocution, finance and investment of money.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - JAN. 25, 1889.

YOU have just five months to consider the Prohibition question. To be or not to be?

IT is estimated that the cost to the State for holding the special election for the Prohibition amendment will be not less than $300,000.

SENATOR PLUMB asks for an appropriation of $8,500 for the preservation of good order in the District of Columbia, during the coming inaugural ceremonies.

SENATOR MCPHERSON, was nominated by the Democratic caucus of the New Jersey Legislature, on Tuesday last, and will therefore succeed himself in the United States Senate.

A BILL was introduced in the House at Harrisburg, on Monday, amending the High License law, giving constables $24 a year for work done under the high license act.

THE Presidential electors of Maryland and Texas forgot to endorse their certificates of the vote, before forwarding them to Washington and now they will have to do their work over again.

THE Philadelphia *Ledger* has started a boom for Col. Fred. Grant, for Minister to China. If they cannot get Grant the *Ledger* might compromise on James G. Blaine, Jr., who has an illustrious sire and is at present out of a paying job.

THE land disposed of by the government during the year ending with the 30th of June last, under the homestead and other land laws, amounted to 16,319,076 acres, equal to more than half the State of Pennsylvania, and sufficient to make one hundred thousand farms of 160 acres each.

THE new American navy, when completed, will consist of 22 vessels, ranging from the armored cruiser Maine, carrying 444 men, down to a first-class torpedo boat, carrying four officers and eighteen men. There will be 5 786 on board the twenty-two vessels—500 officers and 3,286 sailors and marines.

AT Harrisburg, on Tuesday the House passed finally the constitutional prohibition amendment resolution by a vote of 132 yeas to 54 nays. Hon. John S. Rhey, voted with the majority of the Democrats against the passage of the resolution, while Hon. John. M. Rose, voted with the majority of the Republicans in favor of it.

BECAUSE a few capitalists in Pittsburg want to experiment in the manufacture of tin plate, they want the whole country taxed to help them along. If these out-door-paupers must have assistance, it would be better to give them a direct slice out of the surplus than to raise the duty on tin plate and thereby tax every family that uses tinware.

IN the Senate at Washington, on Tuesday among the memorials presented was a judicious one by Senator Vest, signed by a number of dentists asking that a bounty of a dollar per tooth extracted be allowed to American dentists, "in order to encourage the immigration of dentists from other parts of the world thereby making a better market for agricultural and other products of this country." It was laid on the table.

REPRESENTATIVE James N. Burnes, of Missouri, was seized with an attack of paralysis on Wednesday afternoon in the House at Washington, during the consideration of the sundry service bill. He was removed to his hotel in the police ambulance. His condition is very critical, his entire left side is completely paralyzed and while he is perfectly conscious, his condition is alarming.

THE Democratic State Committee met at the Bolton house Harrisburg, Wednesday morning, of last week and re-elected Chairman Elliott P. Kisner and Secretary B. M. Nead. Harrisburg was selected as the place for holding the next State Convention and the following executive committee was chosen: Marshal Wright Lehigh; Charles E. Krumbahr Philadelphia; M. F. Elliott, Tioga; B. F. Myers, Harrisburg; William Scott, Erie; James P. Kerr, Clearfield; Eckely B. Coxe, Luzerne.

THERE is said to be due the State from eight corporations about $5 300,000, which would pay off the State debt. These claims are based on the actual capital of the companies on which they have neglected or declined to pay. The corporations and the amount of their alleged indebtedness are: Delaware and Hudson canal, $977.000; Lehigh Valley railroad, $744,000; Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad, $66,000; Pennsylvania railroad, $1 185,000 Erie and Western Transportation, $209,000; Philadelphia and Erie railroad $419,000, and the Mutual Life Insurance company, of Philadelphia, $300,000.

NOTWITHSTANDING the tariff, which the managers of the g. o. p. allege is the only thing that keeps up the wages of the workingmen remains at the top-notch, notices were posted by the Pottstown Iron Company on Monday, ordering a reduction in the puddling department of twenty five cents a ton, making the price $3. the same as was paid during the panic in 1873. This reduction affects three hundred men. It takes effect February 4th, one month in advance of the inauguration of President Harrison. There is nothing like protection—to the manufacturers who had the fat fried out of them previous to the election, and who will now proceed to fry it out of their employees.

THE House of Representatives Tuesday says the Harrisburg *Patriot*, passed the amendment to the constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcholic, vinous and malt liquors as a beverage within the limits of the Commonwealth. Doubtless the Senate will also pass the amendment. So far as the action of the legislature is concerned The Republican managers have made the matter a party measure. When it shall come before the people of the State for ratification they will hold off their hands, hoping to cheat both the Prohibitionists and liquor dealers. In the event of its rejection by the people they will say to the Prohibitionists: "We did all we could for your hobby; we submitted it to the people; but the Democrats and a small portion of our party whom we could not control defeated it at the polls. You see we are innocent of the murder." Should it be adopted they will claim from the Prohibitionists their applause and support on the ground that they made it a party measure and at the same time they will say to the liquor men: "See! the Democrats failed you in your time of need. If they had stood by you the Republican votes we gave you would have saved you." But the feat of carrying whisky on one shoulder and water on the other so often performed by the Republican managers in this State will hardly be successfully executed at the special election for the adoption or rejection of the prohibitory amendment. There are too many rough places in the road over which the load is to be carried.

The prohibitory amendment having been made a party measure in the legislature by the Republican managers must be regarded as a Republican party measure at the special election. While many Democrats will not vote against it on that account and while some Democrats will vote for it because their party has been betrayed time and again at the polls by the Republican managers of the Liquor League, many Democrats will cast a negative ballot because they are opposed to sumptuary laws and because the experience of the people of States in which Prohibition prevails has demonstrated that while drunkenness is quite as prevalent in those States as in others which have a system of license the sanction of law in general has been greatly weakened by the open violation and defiance of the prohibitory statute. Again there are both Democrats and Republicans who will oppose the amendment because its effect will be to destroy property to the value of many millions of dollars and will affect taxation and the revenues to the serious injury of taxpayers in general. But the apparent morality of the matter is on the side of the Prohibitionists and thousands of well meaning persons will support the amendment because they imagine that its adoption will be in the interest of good morals.

From a political point of view it would appear that as the Republicans have undertaken to boss this prohibitory job they may as well be permitted to have the whole business to themselves. They would no doubt be glad to have the Democrats pull their chestnuts out of the fire for them at the special election, but they may as well understand first as last that they cannot calculate upon anything of that sort. They will be held responsible for the fate of their measure whatever that may be. Men who are Democrats from principle will will vote according to their principles whether the Republican chestnuts burn or not.

THE attitude of Senator Quay on the Tariff bill says the Philadelphia *Herald* was indicated by his recent vote on the question of bounties to growers of sugar beets. That is to say the Chairman of the Republican National Committee separated from his party on the question and voted with the Democrats. Most Republicans will be surprised at this and some will be amazed. But as a matter of fact there is no substantial reason for either surprise or amazement.

It is an open secret that Senator Quay was opposed to any Senatorial action on the tariff question during the last session. The platform adopted by the Chicago Convention pledged the party to the preservation of the protective system in toto, and upon that pledge Chairman Quay put the manufacturers on the frying pan and roasted the fat out of them. The fact that the Senate had under consideration a Tariff bill made his work more difficult than it would otherwise have been, but nevertheless he succeeded by assurances that the Senate Tariff bill was only a Pickwickian matter after all.

But Senators Allison and Sherman are on record as in favor of revision of the tariff and Quay's pledges to the manufacturers conflict with their promises to the people. The natural result is a separation on the vote. It remains to be seen which interest will be protected. If Quay can bring his colleague, Senator Cameron, into line with him the problem is solved in favor of the manufacturers. Otherwise the Senate bill will pass that body and the pledge by which Quay obtained the boodle will be fractured. It is an interesting question.

IT is not very creditable to the leading Republican organs of the country says the Providence (R. I.) *Journal* that they are silent on so important a question as the proposed establishment of the bounty system in the United States on a great scale. It is evident that they do not approve it or they would say so, and yet because it has been adopted by the party leaders in the Senate under pressure from the Senators from California and Kansas, whose votes are necessary for the passage of the Tariff bill, they stifle their convictions and allow not only the industrial system of the country to be vitally changed, but their own party to take a tremendous risk because they have not the courage and independence to speak out. It is a pitiable exhibition of the weakness of organic journalism.

THE projectors of the South Penn Railroad, are making an effort to get it on its feet again.

Bounties and Taxes.

The sugar-growers of the country can't compete with the sugar-growers of France, Germany and Spain. To encourage the sugar industry, the people pay tariff duties amounting to over $50 000 000 annually. It is now proposed by the Senate to reduce the tariff tax on sugar and pay a government bounty of one cent a pound to all sugar-growers.

The wheat-growers of all the older States can't compete with the free and more fertile lands of the far West, and farms in Pennsylvania are now generally profitless. If bounties should be paid to sugar farmers why not to wheat, corn and oats farmers? If the government is to become paternal and make every business profitable, regardless of the swift change of the age, why not give bounties to the farmers of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana?

A few—not fifty in all—propose to Congress that tin now taxed 33 per cent. shall be taxed 70 per cent, to enable a few dozen capitalists to make large profits by its manufacture. Tin is used in every home of the land. It is on the poor man's roof, in his kitchen, in his dinner pail, and is used in the millions of cans which small farmers must have to can their fruits and vegetables; and the proposition is simply to tax the whole country some $15 000 000 a year to enable a few capitalists to become millionaires and monopolists.

If the government is owned and is to be run solely in the interest of centralized money, why not pay the $15,000,000 as bounty direct to the tin combine instead of taxing the poorer people of the land? If the many are to be mere tax subjects for the benefit of the few, let the law tell the truth on its face, and provide that the government will capitalize and pay bounties to the manufacturers of tin!

It was assured by the few who profit by monopoly taxes imposed upon the people, that tariff and tax discussion was ended by the late election; but the victors are now discussing it in the Senate and the cloven foot sends a shiver among the people as particular industries are selected to be the recipient of direct government bounties. Let the discussion go on in the Senate. It will go on with the people until there shall be a return to honest protection to the wages of labor and needless taxes are taken from the necessaries of life. —*Phila. Times.*

A Proposed New Test for Immigrants.

The new Immigration bill reported to Congress proposes to exclude as dangerous all "Anarchists" and "socialists." This is doubtless very well meant, but it would be interesting to learn by what species of inquisition immigration agents at home or abroad could discover what sort of contraband ideas a man might carry under his hat.

It is quite true that most men who honestly entertain opinions in regard to government and society, however wanting in orthodoxy, are generally too honest to deny them. But to set up a Government censorship over immigrants and to deny them the privilege of landing on these shores because of some abstract doctrines of government and policy they might smuggle in with them smacks of intolerance and proscription. In the same spirit Louis XIV and the widow of Scarron banished the Huguenots from France; not so much from hatred of their heretical opinions, as in the belief that people holding these opinions could not be true subjects of the realm.

Many a man might be an Anarchist in Russia when goaded to madness by imperial despotism, or a socialist in Germany when contemplating its semi-military, semi socialistic system of government. Yet the same man, upon his settlement in the United States, would be likely to be converted into a good citizen under the influence of free institutions. Apart from the impracticability of the attempt to exercise an inquisition over abstract opinions, the scarecrow of "anarchy" should never frighten the people of this great country into a cowardly abandonment of the liberal principles upon which their Government is founded.—*Phila. Record.*

The Samoan Difficulty.

It looks to-day as though Germany (which means Bismarck) had gotten beyond the bounds of good sense, justice and international comity in her endeavor to build up a colonial empire and was likely to get into serious trouble over it.

It is said in to day's dispatches that Lord Salisbury, British Prime Minister, has assured this government of England's support on the ground of protest against Germany's unwarranted action. The United States, of course, can make no show of great force with ships built of wood, sailing twelve miles per hour and armed with old muzzle loading guns built years ago; but the effect of immediate action is likely to be good. Few individuals or nations care to antagonize an opponent who makes a determined stand, even though of less force, and Germany is no exception to the rule.

Of course, no war is likely to result. The days are gone when nations lightly assume that dread responsibility; but the United States and England are nevertheless perfectly right in defending the treaty by which they, with Germany, assumed to guarantee the autonomy of the Samoan Islands, even though the act be warlike in its nature.

Still, one cannot be censured for asking the question. "Why did the United States take part in these entangling questions in the first place?"

A Bounty for Sugar.

Now that the election is over and there is no immediate need of bamboozling the voters a Republican leader admits that the tariff is a tax.

Senator Allison, in the debate on the sugar bounty, declared that the proposed reduction of one half in the duty "would save $22,000,000 to the consumers of sugar in this country, even after the proposed bounty was paid." It is well to record the confession that the tariff is a tax and that the consumer pays it.

In regard to the proposed bounty of one cent a pound to the manufacturers o domestic sugar there will, of course, be no disputing that this would be a tax also. Every other producer or worker in the country would be taxed to pay a bounty of $1 per 100 pounds to the manufacturers of sugar.

And who would profit by this? The cane-growers, the sorghum and beet raisers? Not a bit of it! The bounty would simply be a bonus to Trusts. The present Sugar Trust fixes the price of raw material. The same or a new Trust would monopolize the business of refining the products of the canestalks or beets and fix arbitrarily the price which should be paid to the farmers. The Trust would add the bounty to its own profits—thus robbing the people with two hands instead of one.

The monopoly-protecting Senate is a schoolmaster in the campaign of education.—*N. World.*

Eupepsy.

This what you ought to have, in fact, you must have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they can not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and the use persisted in will bring you Good Digestion and cast the demon Dyspepsia and insult instead Eupepsy. We recommend Electric Bitters for Dyspepsia and all diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Sold at 50c and $1.00 per bottle by E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAfee, Loretto, druggists.

The Events in Samoa.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 20.—The details of the events at Samoa which followed the attempt of the Germans to land their forces, and the defeat of their troops, described at length in the Associated press correspondence from Apia, telegraphed last night, are supplemented by other correspondents, whose accounts are published here. The Samoan *Times*, published at Apia, and which has been impartial in its account of the events on the island, gives the following version of the fight of December 18:

"At 2 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, eighty sailors from the Olga were landed at Mataafa and forty more were sent in boats along the coast, the eighty men marching on land to meet Mataafa. At a German farmer's plantation the shore party were reinforced by all the imported laborers, said to be New Britain men, so that Mataafa was between the two hundred men who came down the day before and the German sailors and foreign laborers. Mataafa knowing the danger of interference with the German soldiers retired inland a few hundred yards. The Germans followed up, and fired into Mataafa's people killing a young man, son of the chief. The chief getting terribly excited, was only prevented by his own people from firing into the Germans, but while struggling against former efforts he himself was shot and fell dead beside his son.

"Mataafa's people could not stand this, and by common impulse, without orders, returned fire. Their first volley killed six Germans and wounded others. Several of Tamasese's men fled and the laborers refused to fight it out, knowing that this meant certain death against vast odds. The sailors beat a hasty retreat to their boats, Mataafa's warriors following them some distance. Mataafa lost about 10 killed and wounded, while the German loss is stated at 20 killled. Among the dead is Lieutenant Sieger. The United States steamer Nipsic steamed to Saluafata on Tuesday on hearing that German warships were going to shell Mataafa's stronghold. Captain Mullan had communications with the German commanders and entered his protest against their reported project. His protest was not taken notice of, however, for O'ga threw shells into the spot where Mataafa was supposed to be, but which he had vacated."

The Germans brought upon themselves the fate that overtook them, as it was not until two of Mataafa's chiefs were killed that he ordered his men to fire on the Germans. After their defeat the Germans bombarded the village of Maafagatele, although warned by the American Consul, Blacklock, that three houses in the place belonged to an American citizen. Over these houses an American flag floated, yet the flag was torn down and partially burned by the German sailors who landed to complete the destruction of the place.

The Needle Woman's Tax.

The bounty Senate still keeps on in favor of the Classes. It refused to reduce the tariff on thread but reduced the tariff on pearls from 25 per cent to 10 per cent.

The cotton thread trust consisting of the Clarks and Coats is protected in the monopoly by a duty of 53. 82 per cent. on their thread. They sell their 200 yard spools here at 55 cents a dozen less 2 per cent for cash, and at the end of the year they give a bonus of 9 per cent, which makes the price to the retail merchant 46¾ cents per dozen, which dozen he retails for 60 cents, or 5 cents a spool. Over in Canada this same thread is sold to retail merchants at 27½ cents a dozen and retailed at 2 for 5 cents. In other words at the most favorable terms our merchants pay 19¾ cents a dozen more for a dozen spools of Clarks spool cotton than the Canadian merchant pays; and the farmer's wife pays 10 cents for two spools of thread that the Canadian house-wife gets for five cents. But in the eyes of the United States Senate this is protection to the American people.

Who does not remember the time that two blocks of matches cost five cents. Each 100 had a one cent revenue stamp on them. Two of the five cents paid were a tax 3 cents were for the matches. The tax was removed, now you can buy 900 matches any place for a nickel and many places 200 are sold for a penny.

Clarks spool cotton does not bear a stamp as the block of matches did, but the tax is there with this difference, the match tax went to the government, the thread tax goes into the pockets of the Spool Cotton Combination. Here is one instance where the tariff shows itself a direct tax on the consumer of goods produced in this country. In Canada 2 spools 5 cents. In Pennsylvania, 2 spools 10 cents. Tariff, tax, bounty paid to the Thread Trust on two spools of thread 5 cents. Who can fail to understand that. In this case it looks as if the tariff were a tax.

The Amendment Muddle.

The facts pointed out in the *Post* months ago, that with the adoption of the prohibition amendment the State will only reach the initial stages of the prohibition crusade are just commencing to dawn on some of our esteemed contemporaries. The amendment is not self-enforcing, and will require a code of laws of a kind happily unknown to the people of Pennsylvania, but familiar to the people of Maine, Vermont, Kansas and Iowa, to give it any practical effect. Otherwise it will have no more force as a prohibitory measure than the famous bill against the comet. To pass such a code an extra session of the legislature will be necessary. This is precisely where the shoe pinches the Republican politicians. It is easy to favor submission or prohibition as a sentimental theory, but when it comes to frame the stringent and arbitrary laws necessary to make it a reality we only stand at the threshold of the weighty problem. The trouble will then commence. Should no laws to enforce the amendment be passed before May, 1890, when license are issued under the Brooks law, that will cease to be operative, because it would be in open conflict with the amendment, which sternly prohibits, without reservation or exception, "the manufacture or sale or keeping for sale" of intoxicants. The legislature is granted the power to provide for the sale of liquor "for other purposes than as a beverage," and is required to do so, as well as to enforce the general prohibition at its first session after the adoption of the amendment. In the absence of such laws, devising radical methods, the practical result will be that the Brooks law will lapse as unconstitutional, and the sale of liquor will be free and unrestrained, just as it was in Ohio for years, under somewhat similar conditions.—*Pittsburg Post.*

A Scrap of Paper Saves Her Life.

It was just an ordinary scrap of wrapping paper, but it saved her life. She was in the last stages of consumption, told by physicians that she was incurable and could live only a short time; she weighed less than seventy pounds. On a piece of wrapping pepper she read of Dr. King's New Discovery, and got a sample bottle; it helped her, she bought a large bottle, it helped her more bought another and grew better fast, continued to use and is now strong, healthy, rosy, plump, weighing 140 pounds. For full particulars send stamp to W. H. Cole, Druggist, Fort Smith. Trial bottles of this wonderful Discovery free at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAfee, Loretto.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—An infant in Cincinnati while being tossed into the air ran its finger into its father's eye, and it is feared the sight has been destroyed. The nail pierced the ball.

—People do not appear to take as much stock in lighting rods as they formerly did. There are now only three lightning rod factories in the country against 93 a few years ago.

—Governor Foraker, of Ohio, has commuted the sentence of Mrs. Mary Garrett, who was to have been hung on to-day (Thursday) for the murder of her children, to imprisonment for life.

—A cat crawled into the muzzle of a cannon in the British barracks at Cape Colony a short time ago. When the evening salute was fired she was thrown a distance of 200 feet, but, strange to say, lived for two hours after her involuntary flight.

—A man in Butler, Kan., while boring for water, struck what he thinks is a wind mine. A local scientist of considerable reputation, however, advances the theory that his augur, struck a woman's rights convention on the other side of the globe.

—General Myers, in command of the Kansas State troops, reports that the citizens of Ingalls and Cimarron, where the county-seat contest in raging so fiercely, have consented to allow the county to be placed under martial law. Both sides are watching each other closely, and the people of Ingalls have sent for a supply of ammunition.

—In the contested election case for the office of prothonotary of Luzerne county the contestant not having filed a bill of particulars in accordance with law, the court handed down an order dismissing the proceedings. Christopher Wren (dem.), who, on the face of the returns, had 38 majority will receive a commission from the governor.

Henry Schmidt, fifty-two years of age, died in the county jail at Reading on Wednesday of last week. He was serving a sentence for trying to blow up a school house with dynamite. He had been ill for a long time, and often made statements that Schmidt was not his right name, but that he came from one of the best families in Germany.

—Commissioner Stockslager, of the General Land Office at Washington, has just published a large and complete map of the United States, copies of which he is authorized to sell to schools, libraries and to the public generally at $1.25 each, free of carriage. The map is about 5½x6½ feet, and is backed with cloth. The price at which they are offered represents their net cost to the Government.

—Albert Battison, of the British war-ship Impregnable, has just been given the Stanhope gold medal, the highest honor of the Royal Humane Society Battison rescued a young girl who had broken through the ice of a pond and disappeared. He went out on the ice, dived under it, grabbed the girl and took the chance of breaking the ice with his head as he came to the surface. He was successful. His feat was a remarkable one, as the water was deep and cold.

—In St. Louis on Saturday morning a drove of mules which were being driven through one of the principal streets of the city became unmanageable and stampeded. They rushed here and there, running down men and women and creating the utmost excitement. One man, Michael McIntyre, a horse trader, was so badly injured that his life is despaired of. The people of St. Louis complain that their streets are no longer safe because of the frequency of such occurrences.

—A little boy living in Rondout, N. Y., was attacked with a severe cold last week, which brought on a fever, and he was booked by the family physician for a long illness. His thirst, however, gave him a craving for oranges, and his mother indulged his appetite till he had swallowed four very large ones. The next morning the fever was gone and the little fellow was prancing about the house in good spirits. This was three days ago. The cold remains, but the fever has not returned.

—Rev. Mr. Lockwood, pastor of the Reformed church at Fairchild, N. J., while suffering from acute dementia Sunday night, made a horrible attempt to burn up his family. The wife and children, owing to his wild threats to kill them, barricaded themselves in a portion of the house. The madman then went from room to room and kindled a fire in the center of each. As the floors and furniture blazed up the husband and father made threats to brain the members of his family if they attempted to escape. When the fire was almost upon him a neighbor, attracted by the flames, gave an alarm. The people quickly gathered, secured the maniac minister, and rescued his family.

—One of the most unique accidents ever recorded happened on the Cleveland, Lorain and Wheeling railroad, just over the river from Wheeling, W. Va., at noon on Saturday. The yard engine was left on the track with steam up, while the crew went to dinner. In some unknown way, it is supposed by the tampering of small boys, the throttle was opened just as a passenger train passed, and the switch was thrown open. The engine quickly acquired momentum until it was dashing along at a speed of sixty miles an hour over the crooked track, for the greater part built on high trestles. Over the river it whizzed, and passed the astonished people along the line clear to Bellaire, five miles from the starting place, where it crashed into a long train of freight cars heavily laden with coke. The engine was demolished, and it rained coke for rods in all direction, the train being broken into atoms. By the merest accident nobody was injured, but the money loss is heavy.

Shamokin White Caps.

SHAMOKIN, Pa., January 20.—The White Cap outrages near Coal Run surpass in atrocity the exploits of that infamous organization in other states. Patrick Doolan and two Hungarian laborers left the mines of the Corbin colliery at 2 o'clock Friday morning to go to their homes at Springfield, a mile from this city, and two miles from the mines.

When near their homes they met thirty armed men wearing black masks and white caps. Four of the men were carrying a naked man whose person resembled a quarter of beef. This appearance was caused, so the leader told the astonished and affrighted miners, by having twenty lashes of a cato'-nine tails laid on him. When the procession reached the spot where Doolan and the White Caps stood, the bleeding man, who was unconscious, was held up in front of the workmen, who recognized him as Thomas Hague, of Coal Run, reputed a harmless idiot, who, it was claimed had tried to assault a girl.

A rope was then tied around Hague and he was cast into the ice cold stream and dragged up and down in the water for a short while, when he was laid on the bank. A White Cap then ordered Doolan and his men to kneel and remain in that position until they were out of sight. The men did so and the band disappeared in the woods. The workmen carried Hague into a hostelry in Springfield, where he now lies at the point of death. The alarm was at once given and bands of angry miners scoured the woods for miles around, but no trace of the brutes could be found. Yesterday's mail brought a number of warnings to different people to leave Shamokin in twenty-four hours or receive punishment from the White Caps. It is feared that there will be bloodshed, as everybody is heartily armed.

GO TO GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S,

No. 113 Clinton St., Johnstown, Pa.,

FOR BRUSSELS, VELVET, WOOL AND RAG CARPET, LINOLEUM, LACE CURTAINS, RUGS AND STAIR PADS. HEADQUARTERS FOR DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY.

—Thomas Preston, aged twenty-four, living at Centre and Bancock streets, Germantown, shot his nineteen-year-old wife, Sallie, Tuesday afternoon three times, while she was nursing their year-old babe. The woman will die. Preston had been married less than two years, and it is said that the lives of the pair have not been happy owing to the extremely jealous disposition of the husband.

Whiskey Kills.

How often are we yet to be told that whiskey kills? Arsenic kills; opium kills, and so do hundreds of other good remedies kill if *abused* instead of *used*. But ask the question, "Will whiskey cure?" "Yes!" is the positive reply of the most eminent physicians of all the land. Disease steals into your system like a sneak thief into your house, and often by neglecting a bad cold, we end our days in lingering, and wishing for health—when, indeed, *one* bottle of *Pure Whiskey* or *Brandy* would have cured the cold. Such goods may be scarce, but they *can be* found at Max Klein's, 82 Federal street, Allegheny. His "Silver Age" is the only whisky endorsed by the doctors. You can get the pure Guckenheimer, Finch or Gibson Rye at $1.00 per quart or six quarts for $5 00 Send for price list.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a laxative, alterative, or purgative, these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of **Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy,** for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of **Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza,** and **Catarrhal Headache.**

Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of *Rhoda, N. Y.*, writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat was almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., *8502 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, *Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa.*, says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

WHAT SCOTT'S EMULSION CURES

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, Wasting Diseases

Wonderful Flesh Producer

Many have gained one pound per day by its use.

Scott's Emulsion is not a secret remedy. It contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased. It is used by Physicians all over the world.

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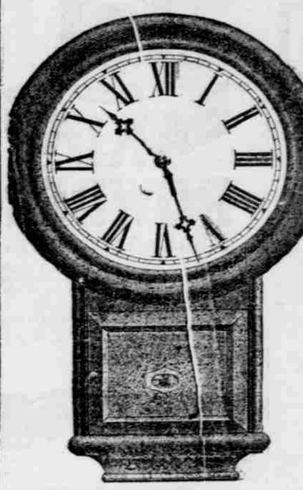

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BUGGIES. CARRIAGES.

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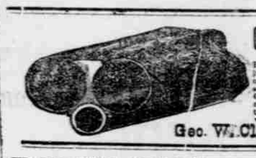

Our New Combination Shot Gun and Rifle.

We have the best 3 bore barrel combination gun made. A one Breech loader for $8.50. We want to introduce one of these guns in every town in the United States, and will offer a sample free on receipt of price. Send for circular. Other guns, Rifles, Watches and Sporting Goods. Send us your address and we must OUR EMPEROR GUNS OUR MAN ON THE ROAD will call on you. Send 25 cts. for a One Mile Cartridge Weight.

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We have steady work for honest, sober, industrious men. Salary and Expenses, or Commission if Preferred. Address a full line of fruit and hardy ornamental stock by setting the new and rare sorts. Everything strictly first-class. Satisfaction Guaranteed to Customers and Agent will continue in easily and quickly earn a rich. State age. Vacancy apply. Address, R. G. CHASE & CO., 1430 Chestnut Street, Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

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For the largest assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's wraps, coats and jackets, and at the lowest possible cash prices go to Wm. Murray & Son's.

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Dobbins' Electric Soap

THE BEST FAMILY SOAP —IN THE WORLD.—

It is Strictly Pure. Uniform in Quality.

THE original formula for which we paid $1,000 *twenty years ago* has never been modified or changed in the slightest. This soap is **identical in quality to-day with that made twenty years ago.**

It contains nothing that can injure the finest fabric. It brightens colors and bleaches whites.

It washes flannels and blankets as no other soap in the world does—without shrinking—leaving them soft and white and like new.

READ THIS TWICE

THERE

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - JAN. 25, 1889.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—We want a good crrespondent from Loretto.

—Miss Nene Roberts is visiting friends in Johnstown.

—Ice cream on Saturday at the Opera House restaurant.

—Over two hundred pupils are in attendance at the Ebensburg public schools.

—Mr. Henry O'Neill, of Pittsburg, spent a few days in town during the present week.

—For fresh tripe and pigs feet call at the Oper House restaurant.

—Mr. Thomas D. Davis of Cambria township, has had his pension increased from $16 to $24 per month.

—There are at present in the County Almshouse sixty-six inmates, forty males and twenty-six females.

—C. A. Luther, proprietor of the Eagle hotel, Carrolltown, paid our town a business visit on Wednesday.

—A company has been organized at Armaugh, Indiana county, to test the neighboring territory for oil and gas.

—Mr. John E. Foes, of Johnstown, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Foes, in Cambria township, the present week.

—"Last Legs" on Saturday, January 26th, 1889, at Sharbaugh's Hall, Carrolltown, promises to be quite interesting.

—Father John Ward, of Mercy Hospital, Pittsburg, visited his parents Mr. and Mrs. Martin Ward, of this place, on Monday.

—Mrs. R. B. Valentine, of Wheatfield township, Perry county, has a peach tree that has been in full bloom for the past two weeks.

—Thomas H. Heist, who is a winter citizen of Harrisburg and a summer citizen of Ebensburg, spent a few hours in town on Monday.

—Messrs. W. D. and D. S. Keller, two of Centre county's pleasant gentlemen, spent a few days in this place, guests of Messrs. Ludwig.

—Mr. Christ Shinafelt, purchased the house and lot of Mr. T. B. O'Haro, on Julian street, one day last week for the sum of $1,500.

—A Leechburg woman has a can of peaches put up fifteen years ago. It is not to be opened until the marriage of the oldest daughter.

—Don't fail to see the "Little Tycoon" at the Opera House on Monday and Tuesday, February 4th and 5th. See "ad." in another column.

—McDonald at Loretto, Pa., wants butter, eggs, oats, corn, wheat, rye, beans, potatoes, onions, for which he will allow the highest trade price.

—If there is good sleighing on Saturday a number of our people will go to Carrolltown to see "Last Legs" played at that place by local talent.

—Mr. Martin F. Kelly, a well known citizen of Gallitzin, is extremely ill at his home in that place. We hope, however, to hear of his speedy recovery.

—Persons indebted to the Loretto Merchandise company are requested to call and settle their accounts on or before February 1st, 1889, and thereby save costs.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—Messrs. W. G. Miller and Ira Davis both of this place, are on a visit to Washington, Baltimore, and other points of interest. We wish them a pleasant time and safe return.

—Charles William, youngest son of Peter McAtamany, of Altoona, died at his home in that city on Wednesday after a lingering illness. The deceased was aged about seventeen years.

—It is reported that the Pennsylvania Railroad company has determined to equip all its freight cars with automatic couplers, and have all box and stock cars fitted with the air brakes.

—While driving a nail a few days ago, Carr Brinker, of Pleasant Unity, had the sight of one of his eyes destroyed by the nail striking him in that organ, caused by a mistroke of the hatchet.

—Samuel Fox and James McKelvey, Somerset county, give employment to from 400 to 600 men in the manufacture of charcoal. They ship 600 cars annually. The product is sold mainly at McKeesport.

—The snow of Sunday night made about the best sleighing we have had this winter, but unless some additional snow falls, the hot sun of the past few days has cleaned it off of the hills and spoiled it for further use.

—Mr. Robert Ryan, a student at St. Francis' College, Loretto, had his arm broken on the early part of the week while playing ball. He is spoken of as one of the best pitchers the college club has had for some time.

—The Altoona *Times* of Tuesday says: Messrs. Ed. James and Abel Lloyd, two of Ebensburg's most prominent citizens, are in town on a combined trip of business and pleasure. They are stopping at the Logan House.

—Mr. William Wentz, formerly of Carroll township, but who has been a resident of the state of Iowa for the past twenty years, passed through this place on Monday on his way to Carrolltown to visit relatives and friends.

—Messrs. Illig & Ahles, of Carroll township, are having a first-class steam saw mill placed in position on the latter's place this week. The machinery, which is complete in every respect, passed through this place on Tuesday.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

—The license Court will be held on the 3rd Monday of March, but there will be no jury trials, as was announced some time ago when the order for the special venire was made, Judge Johnston having concluded to hold a special court at some other time.

—The collector of Cambria township will be at the township school house, in the borough of Ebensburg, on Saturday, February 2nd, 1889, for the purpose of receiving the school taxes for said township. This will be the last chance to escape the penalty of 5 per cent.

—In cutting up a cabbage for cold slaw, a few days ago, the daughter of Editor Mortimer, of the New Bloomfield Advocate, found a snake had taken its winter quarters in the cabbage. The reptile was quite lively and was evidently much provoked at being disturbed.

—A lady says she knows only one way to prevent sauerkraut from smelling through the house while boiling. She ways puts a rubber shoe on the stove plate at the same time. That is the only successful remedy she has ever discovered to prevent sauerkraut from smelling.

—If you want a good laugh don't fail to attend the play at Sharbaugh's Hall at Carrolltown Saturday, January 26th, 1889.

—C. L. Dick, Esq., of Johnstown, and W. W. Taupen, of Altoona, have been matched to shoot at 25 birds, 30 yards rise, for $200 a side.

—A wild horse in Argentine Republic is worth his hide. Last year 700 000 horses were slaughtered in that country for no other reason.

—Moses Singerman, one of the parties arrested for receiving brass stolen from the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at Altoona, was tried last week at Hollidaysburg and acquitted.

—While the hostler was biteching up the horse to the Mountain House sleigh to-day (Thursday) something frightened the horse and he ran off, badly wrecking the sleigh but luckily no person was hurt.

—The Chinese Village Company gave an entertainment in the Opera House on Wednesday night for the benefit of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. They had a large house and about one hundred dollars were realized.

—There will be disposed of at public sale on the premises of James A. Ryan, deceased, in Clearfield township, on Saturday, February 2nd, 1889, a lot of farming implements, horses, cattle, etc. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock P. M.

—Mr. P. L. Eck, one of Carrolltown's most worthy citizens, spent the greater portion of Wednesday in town, and while here did not fail to visit the new livery stable of Messrs O'Hara. Mr. Eck, who is a man of good judgment, pronounces the stable complete in every respect.

—During the hunting season Robert Mann, Jr., of Curtin township, Centre county, killed a deer that dressed 253 pounds. Two men could stand within the circle made by the horns for which he refused $25. He and his father killed a monster wild cat and three bears.

—Richard Karr, a tramp, was found lying on the road about a mile west of town on Thursday of last week with his thigh bone broken. He is an old man about seventy years of age and fell on the ice. He was on his road to Pittsburg. He was taken to the almshouse where he is being properly cared for.

—Mr. J. J. Fluke, of Altoona, a brakesman on the Pennsylvania railroad, while coupling cars at Beu's creek on Wednesday, was caught between the bumpers and sustained a double fracture of the lower jaw bone and had one of his ears almost cut off. He was taken to his home in Altoona where it is thought he will recover.

—Posters were printed at this office for the sale of a valuable farm in Carroll township and a number of lots in Carrolltown borough, belonging to the estate of Henry Hopple, deceased, by Henry J. Hopple, surviving executor. The sale will take place at the St. Lawrence Hotel, on Saturday, February 9th 1889, at 2 o'clock P. M.

—The Indiana *Progress* says the horse fiend is still at his villianous work in the northern part of the county. Last Friday night some one entered the stable of Henry Winegard, near Marchand, and cut one of his horses in such a horrible manner that its bowels came out and it died in a few hours. The horse was valued at, at least, two hundred dollars.

—An exchange says that a prominent physician advances the opinion that the turned down kerosene lamp is the prime and most common cause of diphtheria. The custom of keeping kerosene lamps burning in children's bed-rooms should be discontinued, as this theory of the cause of diphtheria has been advanced before and there is doubtless something in it.

—A representative of this office had the pleasure of attending a rehearsal of "Last Legs" by the Carrolltown Ameteur Opera Company, and he does not hesitate in saying that they are deserving of all the patronage that can be bestowed upon them. The entertainment will be given to-morrow evening, and those who attend can rest assured that they will receive the worth of their money.

—The Ebensburg Amateur Opera Company, as will be seen by their advertisement in another column, will play the "Little Tycoon" on Monday and Tuesday evenings, February 4th and 5th. The very successful rendering of the "Mikado" by the same company last season leaves no room for doubt of the first class entertainment in store for our people who go to see the "Little Tycoon."

—A Catholic Colonization Society with a capital stock of $100,000, divided into 40 000 shares, has been formed in Pittsburg. The objects of the Society are to establish Catholic colonies in the South, engage in manufacturing, mining, lumbering, stock raising and cultivate tracts of suitable land which will be secured in North Georgia and Alabama, and the capital stock may possibly be increased to $1,000,000.

—At its meeting last Saturday, the Westmoreland Agricultural Society decided to hold no fair next fall. The question of holding an exhibition at the time stated was left to the Patrons of Husbandry, who will doubtless take the necessary steps towards the usual agricultural display. A county grange will be formed here on Saturday next, at which time the matter will likely be considered.—*Greensburg Argus.*

—W. J. Smith, J. & H. Stetler, and Samuel J. Bloom, all of Coalport, were successful applicants for tavern license before the Clearfield county court last week. Jacob Eseman, of the same place, was granted a restaurant license and Peter J. Neibauer, a brewery license. Altogether in the county 49 taverns, 4 restaurants, three breweries and one distillery were licensed, while a number are held over for further consideration.

—It is announced that the Legislature will be asked to pass a bill prohibiting deer hunting in Pennsylvania for five years. It is found practically impossible to stop hunting deer with dogs, as they are fast disappearing the only resource seems to be the passage of some stringent measure making the killing of deer illegal for a term of years. One city dealer in game says that from a region that used to furnish him 150 head of deer a season, he has this winter received only seventeen.

—West Newton, Westmoreland county, was the scene of a most heartrending accident on Saturday forenoon, by which Miss Rose Vogel, a waiter in Rohland's restaurant, met with a terrible death. While in the act of hoisting a window her head struck a bracket lamp that was fastened to the frame of the window and knocked it out of the bracket and it fell on the stove, saturatin her clothing with the oil, which immediately took fire and in an instant she was enveloped in flames, and burned to death before assistance could reach her.

—The decision in the case that was appealed from Warren county court, in which that court held that cider was not an intoxicating drink, has just been reversed by the Supreme Court and a new trial ordered. The Supreme Court construes that under the high license act, the question in such a case is not whether a liquor is intoxicating, but whether it is malt, brewed, vinous or spirituous. This is a question of fact and not of law and the Supreme Court, therefore remits the case back to let a jury decide the momentous question whetner cider is a spirituous or vinous liquor.

Items from Carrolltown.

CARROLLTOWN, PA., Jan. 23rd, 1889.

ED FREEMAN:—The Carrolltown *News* has either been misinformed or is guessing when it infers that your correspondent is taking interest in the newspaper business here; nor does he intend to do so. Whether the present proprietor transfers his paper to those to whom he offered it, or a new paper is started by those who project it, matters not to "Tom"; but so long as he writes items to the FREEMAN he will give them just as truthful as he did the one spoken of, at which no one should take offense.

Instead of Mr. Westover securing the contract for carrying the mail between this place and Hastings, as previously noticed in these items, Mr. Frank Baker, ex-Poor Director and ex-mail carrier between this place and Cherrytree, has the contract.

The mail route from Carrolltown to Fallen Timber will be changed so as to read from Carrolltown to Flinton, or what is known as Flynn City, on the Coalport & Cresson railroad.

Ella, daughter of Mr. Augustine Boslet, formerly of Carroll township, now residing at Latrobe, died on Sunday and was buried at that place on Tuesday. We did not learn the age of the deceased.

Albert Baum, aged 22 years, was killed on a log job of Notely & Buck in Chest township on Monday by a tree falling on him, crushing him in a horrible manner. He died in an hour and a half after being taken out from under the tree. His home was near Plattville, Susquehanna township, and was an unmarried man.

Mr George M. Waltz, of Chest township, and Miss Mary A. Shell, of Elder township, were united in the bonds of matrimony on Tuesday morning at St. Boniface by Rev. Father Anthony.

Improvements in and about Hastings are steadily going on, as much as the weather will permit. Next spring and summer promises a lively time for that progressive town. Your correspondent paid too hasty a visit to that place the other day to do justice by an attempt at writing it up.

It is stated here by pretty good authority that the Messrs. McGoverns have taken another contract at Hastings to erect four hundred coke ovens.

A broom factory, on a small scale, is a new enterprise started in Nicktown by the Weiss Bro's., of Altoona.

The drawing for a span of ponies, put up for chances for the benefit of the Church at Chest Springs, came off at that place on Monday afternoon last. Mr. Patrick Malloy, of Allegheny township, drew the prize.

The entertainment on Saturday of this week in Sharbaugh's Hall, this place, by our amateur company, promises to be very entertaining. "TOM."

Reade Township Items.

READE TOWNSHIP, Jan. 24, 1889.

DEAR FREEMAN:—Rev Isaac Krider, of Bellwood, preached an able sermon at Glasgow last Sabbath morning.

There has been a new postoffice established at Van Ormer with Jos. Van Ormer as postmaster.

A liberal donation was given to Mr. Chas. Raymond, of Roseland, last Friday. Mr. Raymond is suffering from paralysis, and entirely disabled.

Jas. Hollen and lady, of Glasgow, spent several days from home last week in visiting relatives and friends.

A new, capacious and hadsome water tank has been constructed at Blandsburg on the line of the B. G. R. R.

"Jack" Rears, of Lloydsville, having deserted his board bills and family of three children, in destitute circumstances, Constable Troxell took charge of the latter and conveyed them to the County Almshouse for keeping.

Wm. Gallagher, of Lloydsville, sustained severe injuries last Tuesday by falling from the coal tipple of the Mountain Dale Union Coal company, near Mountain Dale. His wrist and ankle were badly sprained, and the effects of the fall, for a time, rendered him unconscious. He is now at his home under the treatment of Dr. Ruthrauff, and is on a fair way to recovery.

Mr. Jacob Bowman, of Mountain Dale, is converting another building into a dwelling house on his lot at that place.

The little girl of Edmiston's, who was accidently shot a short time since, still lives, and now hopes is entertained for her ultimate recovery.

Rev. W. A. Baeir, of Glasgow, visited the Glasgow and Roseland schools last week.

Candidates for the spring election are already budding. They had better not come out too early for fear of the political frosts nipping them.

Harry Campbell, the telegraph operator and ticket agent at Glasgow, is quite popular with the officials of the B. G. Railroad company. The many flattering notices from them indicates this fact.

The late snow storm has changed the spring-like weather into a gloomy picture of winter. R. C.

A Pleasant School Entertainment.

The entertainment given by the pupils of St. Augustine school, Saturday evening last in the Temperance Hall in that place was attended by a large and appreciative audience. The very excellent manner in which the full program was carried through, reflects much credit upon both pupils and the teachers Prof. J. S. Foley and Miss M. Killen. "Nobody's Child," "A Hundred Hears to Come," "Check Male," "Mickey's trip to America" and many other pieces were rendered in a very efficient manner; but the brightest and most pleasing part of the entertainment was the song entitled "Sing pretty blue bird, sing," by the little girls of the school. This pretty song elicited the warmest applause from the delighted audience, and was of itself a treat to all who had the pleasure of listening to it. Entertainments of this character are both innocent and instructive and should be encouraged to a certain extent by the patrons of our schools as they are a means of imparting knowledge to pupils and are a source of pleasure to both old and young. T.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, Jan. 23rd, 1889:

Joseph McAvoy and Elizabeth McCabe, Ebensburg.

Thomas Murtha, Johnstown and Margaret Redman, Franklin borough.

Jacob Waterson and Ketty Keelan, South Fork.

DIED.

MURPHY—Died at the residence of her parents in Lorette January 22, 1889 Katie, second daughter of Dr. J. and Mrs. Annie Murphy, aged about six years and five months.

Death that grim destroyer, visits again our quiet town and this time the victim is little Kattie a very sweet and intelligent child whom no one knew but to love. Words fail us entirely when we think of sympathizing with the bereaved parents in their irreparable loss. Their consolation will be the good Father who said "Suffer little children to come unto me." M.

Try, Try Again.

After trying many advertised remedies for catarrh during the past twelve years I tried Ely's Cream Balm and with complete success. It is over one year since I stopped using it and have had no return of the catarrh. I recomm nd it to all my friends in this vicinity. Milton T. Palm Reading, Pa.

My daughter and myself great sufferers from catarrh, were cure by Ely's Cream Balm. My sense of smell is restored.—C. M. Stanley, Shoe Dealer, Ithica, N. Y.

Reunion of the 209 Regiment.

We see by the Cumberland county papers that a meeting of soldiers of the 209th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, was held at Boiling Springs on the evening of the 18th instant, for the purpose of taking steps toward holding a reunion and forming a Regimental organization. Company C. from this county, under Captain Robert Litzinger, belonged to this regiment, and as it will be of interest to the members of the Company we clip the following:

"It was decided to hold the reunion at Carlisle, on the 25th of March next, the anniversary of the battle of Fort Steadman, and nothing will be spared to make it a full and pleasant one. Among those who will be present are Major General John F. Hartraft, Divison Commander; Col. I. B. Kaufman, who takes his meals in Iowa now instead of in Libby Prison; Lieut. Col. G. W. Frederick of Philadelphia and others, who will be here to meet again the boys they once commanded.

It is earnestly desired that all soldiers of the 209 Regiment, at once send their names and addresses, by letter or postal card to the Secretary so that arrangements can be made for hotel accommodations and railroad transportation."

Address all letters to

M. A. EMBICK, Sect'y
Boiling Springs,
Cumb. Co., Pa.

School Report.

The following is the report of the Roseland school No. 2 in Reade township for the month ending Jan. 16, 1889:

Whole number of pupils enrolled, 47; boys, 21; girls, 26. Average attendance, 38; boys, 15; girls, 23. Per cent. of attendance, 84; boys, 79; girls, 89. Those who attended every day are as follows:

Mertie Mulhollum, Maggie Troxell, Laura Bowman, Tillie Mulhollum, Ida Troxell, Nannie Byres, Cecelia Glasgow, Cassie Bowman, Sasie Glasgow, Mary F Glass, Laura E. Glass, Aggie Troxell, Ida How, Nannie Troxell, Maggie Mulhollum, Bessie Jackson, Dota Jackson, Della Byres, Maudie Troxell, Johnnie Troxell, S. K. Turner, Joel Mulhollum, Perry E Glass, Harvey Troxell, Carey Van Scyoc and W. G. Bowman.

Visitors—Henry How, Wm. Smith, Geo. W. Bowman, Jas. Nelson, Jno. M. Bowman, S. W. Turner, Mrs. Susie Turner and Christian Mulhollum. Harry Troxell received the prize in the C spelling class, and Bessie Jackson in the B class. —G. W. Williams, teacher.

California Normal.

Three distinguished educators, Col. F. W. Parker, Dr. Edward Brooks and Supt. X. Z. Snyder, will give special instruction next Spring, term at the California, Pa., State Normal School, one week each. What a privilege for teachers! Net cost of tuition for whole term, 14 weeks, only $10½. Send for catalogue to the Principal,

THEO. B. NOSS, PH. D.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

JURY LIST.

Following is the list of Grand and Traverse Jurors drawn to serve at the March Term of Court.

GRAND JURORS.

Adams, James D., farmer, Jackson Twp.
Anstead, Philip, farmer, Blacklick Twp.
Baumer, Lewis, merchant, Conemaugh Bor.
Brady, James, teamster, Johnstown.
Bratther, D. W., carpenter, Jackson Twp.
Buck, A. W., banker, Ebensburg.
Burns, John, laborer, Millville.
Croyle, W. H., laborer, Croyle Twp.
Daily, John F., stonemason, Conemaugh Bor.
Davis, David D., laborer, Millville.
Dillon, Patrick, farmer, Elder Twp.
Fockenrode, H. J., miller, Carroll Twp
Hines, John A., farmer, Blacklick Twp.
Keiper, Henry, farmer, Adams Twp.
Mulvehill, Thomas, laborer, Coopersdale.
Myers, James F., liverman, Ashville.
Quarrs, Michael, conductor, Washington Twp.
Skelly, J. F., farmer, Summerhill.
Tierney, John J., farmer, Cambria Twp.
Varner, Samuel, farmer, Conemaugh Twp.
Williams Thomas W. laborer, Lower Yoder.
Young, Milton G., butcher, Johnstown.
Yahner, Jacob, farmer, Chest Twp.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

Benshoff, Paul, farmer, Richland Twp.
Block, Christ, H. laborer, Johnstown.
Blough, Emanuel, farmer, Stonycreek Twp.
Bornheimer, M., farmer, Cambria Twp.
Campeno, John, assistant foreman, Millville.
Cook, W. F., Justice, Stonycreek.
Coulter D W., merchant, Franklin.
Cramer, John, farmer, Portage.
Custer, J. H., farmer, Croyle Twp.
Dailly, James, agent, Allegheny Twp.
Davis, Thomas F., farmer, Blacklick.
Davis, Owan, laborer, Johnstown.
Evans, Thomas, farmer, Summerhill.
Eger, John, laborer, Washington Twp.
Eger, John D., farmer, Barr Twp.
Evans, Robert, cabinet maker, Ebensburg.
Farren, Michael T., farmer, Cambria Twp.
Fronheiser, Ed., merchant, Johnstown.
Glass, Winfield, farmer, Munster Twp.
Griffith, Eli, farmer, Stonycreek Twp.
Hogue, Joseph, farmer, Allegheny Twp.
Howard, James, laborer, Upper Yoder.
Koon, Samuel, farmer, Reade Twp.
Leahy, Patrick, laborer, Lilly's.
Lother, D. A., farmer, Carroll Twp.
Maris, David E., grocer, Johnstown.
McCarroll, James, carpenter, Conemaugh Bor.
McDonald, Robert, laborer, Upper Yoder.
McKenna, Charles, machinist, Johnstown.
Muelheiser, George, tinner, Johnstown.
Oldham, W. H., laborer, Johnstown.
Parsons, John, clerk, Johnstown.
Pittsch, Philip, farmer, Washington Twp.
Reese, David L., laborer, Johnstown.
Reese, Edwin S., farmer, Cambria Twp.
Robertson, William, clerk, South Fork.
Rose, John D., carpenter, Conemaugh Bor.
Shields, John E., merchant, Loretto.
Sibert, Gerhart, boss, Johnstown.
Somerville, John, Susquehanna.
Trent, William, farmer, Richland Twp.
Troxell, Perry, farmer, Reade Twp.
Varner, Emanuel, farmer, Richland.
Varner, W. H., Mill hand, Johnstown.
Weiss, Joseph L., farmer, Croyle Twp.
Wirtner, Benjamin, tanner, Carrolltown.
Wissinger, Adam E., car inspector, Johnstown.
Yeager, Conrad, farmer, Elder Twp.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Bengele, Joseph, merchant, Gallitzin.
Blough, Abram, grocer, Johnstown.
Blough, Joseph, laborer, Johnstown.
Boyle, Patrick merchant, Cambria.
Brawley, Alex. farmer, Barr Twp.
Burns, Patrick, laborer, Gallitzin.
Byrnes, Frank, laborer, Carrolltown.
Byrnes, L. A., farmer, Susquehanna.
Chaplin, W. A., hotel-keeper, Reade Twp.
Cover, Frank carpenter, Johnstown.
Craft, William, watchmaker, Johnstown.
Carver, J. A., teacher, Johnstown.
Cronin, David, laborer, Johnstown.
Daily, Frank, clerk, Millville.
Driskell, Elias, farmer, Susquahanna.
Eck, James, clerk, Carrolltown.
Feit, E. T., arent, Johnstown.
Funk, George B., laborer, Conemaugh Bor.
Gallagher, J. F., laborer, Reade Twp.
Goederham, W. T., Carroll Twp.
Griffith, Lemuel, contractor, Johnstown.
Harris, W. B., laborer, Johnstown.
Holsopple, Austin, laborer, Richland Twp.
Hoffman, C. J., saloon-keeper, Conemaugh.
Horstter, Abram, farmer, Richland Twp.
Hiehe, W. F., farmer, Croyle Twp.
Keedy, H. E., laborer, Millville.
Keedy, Peter, teamster, Jackson Twp.
Keiper, W. H., farmer Adams Twp.
Kebler, Jacob, farmer, Chest Twp.
Latterner, John, former Munster.
Link, Henry, farmer, Susquehanna.
Mayhart, David, bricklayer, Johnstown.
McKenan, P. F., merchant, Lower Yoder.
Molloy, August, machinery, Conemaugh Bor.
McCouch, George, foreman Franklin.
O'Connor, F. J., farmer Stonycreek Twp.
O'Connor, James, farmer, Upper, Yoder.
Quinn, James, merchant, Johnstown.
Rossenheimer, John farmer, Cambria Twp.
Rodgers, Patrick, hotel keeper, Millville.
Schettle, George, carpenter, Ebensburg.
Shaffer, David, farmer, Conemaugh Twp.
Shaffer, Henry, laborer, Johnstown.
Strayer, John A., farmer, West Taylor.
Thomas, John, merchant, Johnstown.
Tibbott, R. E., farmer, Lower Yoder.
Varner, Zachariah, butcher, East Conemaugh.

EBENSBURG OPERA HOUSE

TWO NIGHTS ONLY.

Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 4th and 5th,

First production in Ebensburg of Gilbert & Sullivan's Great Success, entitled

The : Little : Tycoon,

—BY THE—

Ebensburg Amateur Opera Company.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

General Admission 35cts. Reserved seats, 50cts. Reserved seats for Monday night will be placed on sale at James' drug store at 1 o'clock P. M. on Wednesday, Jan. 30th, 1889, and for Tuesday night at same place at 1 o'clock P. M. Thursday, January 31st, 1889.

Orphans' Court Sale
—OF—
VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of an order issuing out of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, Pa., to me directed, I will expose to public sale on the premises on

SATURDAY, FEB. 9th, '89,

AT 1 O'CLOCK P. M.,

the following described real estate, viz:

All that certain piece or lot of ground situate in Gallitzin borough, Cambria county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, viz:

Beginning at a post on township road leading from Gallitzin to Mountain road and line of township road leading to Dawson's mill, thence south 45½ degrees west 19 feet to a post on line of land of Kittanning Coal company, thence north 72 and ¼ degrees west 81 feet to a post along land of Kittanning Coal company, thence south 85¾ degrees east 79 feet to a post on township road, the place of beginning, along township road on the south, containing 750 square feet, having thereon erected a tow-storied plank house.

☞TERMS OF SALE.☜

Ten per cent. when the property is sold, balance of one-third at confirmation of sale, one-third in six months, and the remainder in one year after confirmation of sale. Deferred payments to bear interest, and to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

DANIEL HENRY,
Adm'r of Ellen Harvey, dec'd.

Summit, Jan. 18, 1889.—3t.

STATEMENT.

Thirty-second annual statement of the Protection Mutual Fire Insurance company of Cambria county for year ending December 31, 1888.

Amount insured Dec. 31, 1887		$1 720 555 00
Amount insured during ye		477 713 00
		$2 198 268 00
Deduct amount expired during year.	$366 696 00	
Deduct amount surrendered and canceled	55 003 00	
		$419 699 00
Amount insured Dec. 31, 1888		$1 778 569 00
Prem. notes in force, Dec. 31, 1887	$162 345 00	
Prem. notes taken during year	46 225 00	
		$208 571 00
Deduct amount expired during year.	$32 924 00	
Deduct amount surrendered and canceled	6 160 00	
		$39 487 00
Amount prem. notes in force, Dec. 31, 1888		
Number policies issued during year.		348
Number in force Dec. 31, 1888		1501
CASH ACCOUNTS—RECEIPTS.		
Amount on hand at last settlement		$ 758 04
Cash for new insurance		1 592 00
		$2 350 04
EXPENDITURES—LOSSES PAID.		
Jno. Baker		$ 16 80
Fred Krasser		13 30
Lawrence Schroth		825 10
Julia Binder, extx		100 00
OTHER EXPENSES.		
Secretary's fees		194 00
Treasurer's salary		80 00
Rent		6 00
Agents' commission		291 00
Prem. returned policies canceled		89 31
Printing, postage, stationery, etc		115 40
Compensation executive committee		45 00
		$1 809 71
Balance		$540 33
LIABILITIES.		
Loss unpaid, Philip Fr		$800
January 12th, 1889, the foregoing report audited, found correct and approved.		

JOHN LLOYD,
JNO. EVANS
C. T. ROBERTS,
Executive Committee.

Jan. 18, 1889.—3t.

FOR SALE.—House and lot in Ebensburg, Pa. A never failing spring, stable and outbuilding on premises. Inquire at E. Dufton & Son, hardware store.

Ebensburg, Oct. 12, 1888.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that letters of administration cum testamento annexo on the estate of Richard Mayers, late of Summerhill township, Cambria county, Pa., deceased have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated for settlement to

HENRY M. HUGH,
Adm'r of Richard Mayers dec'd.

WHO WOULD BE WITHOUT A HOME.—The Beech Grove Coal and Coke company, located at Gallitzin, Pa., offer to sell seven hundred (700) Lots on the sunny side of Tunnel Hill, not more than four hundred yards from churches and school house. As there will be pure water running through this district in less than a year, and the Lots are located in the midst of a prosperous section the investment cannot fail to be profitable. We will sell these Lots on monthly payments so that all who wish may have a home. All communications should be addressed to THOMAS BRADLEY,
Gallitzin, Pa.

Dec. 14, 1888.—3m.

STATE of Pennsylvania, County of Cambria.—The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to Elizabeth Dunn, Longwood county, Meath, Ireland; Robert Dunn, and Michael Dunn, Longwood, county, Meath, Ireland; Matthew Dunn, Altoona, Blair county, Pa.; Mary Dunn, Longwood county, Meath, Ireland; Bessie Dunn, Greensburg, Pa.; Ed. L. Dunn, ——Annie Dunn, Greensburg, Pa., Kate Parrish, Pittsburg, Pa.; John S. Parrish, Pittsburg, Pa.; Agnes Dunn, Pittsburg, Pa.; Daniel, Maggie, Peter, James and John Dunn, Altoona, Pa., Peter, James and John being minors.

GREETING: You are hereby cited to be and appear before the Judges of our Orphans' Court at Ebensburg in and for said county on the first Monday of March next, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the Court should not decree specific performance of contract between Patrick Dunn, deceased, and Matthew Dunn for certain tract or lot or lot of land situated in the borough of Oscola, Clearfield county, Pa.

JOS. A. GRAY, Sheriff.

Ebensburg, Dec. 14 1888.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and to me directed, I will expose to public sale at the Hotel of Mrs. Brookbank, in the borough of Ashville, Cambria county, on

SATURDAY, JAN. 26, '89,

AT 2 O'CLOCK P. M.

the following described property, to wit:

No. 1. A certain piece or parcel of land, situate in Chest township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Charles Gill, Michael Treanor, George Gill, Nicholas Gill and others; containing 56 acres more or less.

No. 2. All the coal and other minerals lying, being, in and under the main piece or parcel of land situate in Chest township, aforesaid; adjoining lands of Charles Gill, Anthony Gill, Michael Cronour and others; containing 43 acres more or less.

TERMS OF SALE: Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, the balance of the one-third on confirmation thereof, and the balance in two equal annual payments thereof with interest, deferred payments to be secured by judgment notes of the purchasers.

JAMES F. MYERS,
Assignee of Samuel Gill.

Ashville, Pa., Jan. 4, 1889.

FARM FOR SALE.

The subscriber residing in Carroll township, Cambria county will sell at private sale the farm on which he resides four miles east of Carrolltown on the road leading from Carrolltown to Loretto, containing 140 acres, about 100 acres of which are cleared, having thereon a two-story plank L house and frame barn. A fine orchard is on the premises and the farm is in good state of cultivation and is well watered. For terms apply to the subscriber on the premises.

JOHN HOGUE.

THE OLDEST DRUG HOUSE IN PITTSBURGH.

JOS. FLEMING,

No. 84 MARKET ST

Having had for a number of years a fair share of the patronage of the good people of Pittsburgh and vicinity, I take this opportunity to say, with increased facilities and stock, I am better prepared than ever to solicit their orders, either wholesale or retail, in any way relating to the drug trade, and by accuracy, neatness and promptness, and prices lower than ever, I hope to merit their continued favors. I have constantly in stock a full line of Drugs, Tinctures, Sponges, Brushes for ladies and gents, Brushes, Family Syringes, Hair, Nail and Tooth Brushes. All the leading Proprietary Medicines of the day. Fluid Extracts, Pharmaceutical Preparations, Malt Extracts. For medical purposes there is no better, purer, older whiskey sold to-day anywhere than the pure eight-year old Gockenheimer Whiskey I am selling at $1 for full quart bottles, or six bottles for $5. The only wines that should be used for medical purposes are the pure California Port, Sherry Muscatel, Angelica, and Sweet and Dry Catawba that I am now selling.

Send for price list of Wines and Liquors, mailed free to any address. The money must accompany all orders for wines or liquors, as we do not send any goods C. O. D.

JOSEPH FLEMING & SON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DRUGGISTS,
PITTSBURG, PA.
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Jan. 25, 1889.—1yr.

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This is only the second time in eight weeks that I have had to polish my boots, and yet I had hard work getting my husband to give up his old blacking brush, and the annoyance of having the paste blacking rub off on his pants, and adopt

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A magnificent Deep Black Polish, which lasts on Men's boots a week, and on Women's an month.

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AND
The Beginning of 1889

will be made memorable by WOOLF, SON & THOMAS for low prices. Our Overcoat Department is teeming with Bargains. Words and figures cannot possibly convey a correct idea of the manner in which we have cut the prices of all our stock of Men's, Boys' and Children's Overcoats and heavy suits. The sacrafice we make in unloading this stock is without parallel. Not a price will we quote, but of this fact you may rest assured; that from our finest Dress Suit or Overcoat for a young gentleman down to the strong every-day Suit for a school-boy, we will give more and better for the price we ask than we

Why Children Leave the Farm.

We commend to the consideration of our reader some thoughts of Adeline E. in the *Rural New Yorker*, as to why so many of our youths are eager to leave the farm instead of following the calling of their fathers and mothers. In the first place they are not brought up to love the country; they are early accustomed to hear both father and mother grumble about the hardships of farm life. Then there is too much work and too little play for them. The boy works in the field all day, and his little opportunity for amusement in the evening is cut short by a long range of "chores" till bedtime; meanwhile the sister has much the same experience in the house. And no agricultural college in the land will restore what their parents have blindly allowed them to lose.

Study the "bent" of your children. If a boy hates one kind of farm work and likes another, don't make him do what he dislikes all the time; but so far as possible let him do the agreeable work. When he offers suggestions or forms plans, don't laugh at him, however impracticable they may be; but if there is anything in them make the most it, point out his mistakes, and encourage him to use thinking powers.

Keep your daughter at home by getting for her, as far as you are able, some things she practically likes—a magazine, a croquet set, or an organ; and let her carry out some of her pet plans for improving the flower garden and front yard. And if you have given her some domestic animal, and allowed her to pet it and regard it as her very own, don't sell it and pocket the money. Let her keep it and dispose of it as she will. Let a gift always be a real one.

Lastly, the social longings of young people must be gratified. Provide them with plenty of good reading matter, and encourage all legitimate literary, musical, and social entertainments. Youth is not contented without society, and ought not to be.

Exercises for Horses in Winter.

A mistaken kindness often keeps horses close in their stables. They shiver, yet they are not turned out because it is thought they would get colder. A heart play, running and kicking up their heels, will quicken the circulation and warm them up; and if permitted, they will take this exercise gladly. Not only their comfort, but also their health demands this frolic. Accustomed to steady work for months, they are enervated, their muscles made soft and flabby, they are unfitted for spring work. When unemployed, a horse should be given its liberty at least two hours every day that is not stormy. The farm is not rightly managed when there is no work for the horses in winter. A horse consuming, but not producing, during six months, destroys the profits from his labor during the other six months. Laborers can be had at low wages during the winter and employment for them and the horses can be found. When the horse is given Sunday rest it should be allowed some exercise. Rest is not total cessation from movement; this is more tiresome than moderate work. The greatest rest is when nature has the best chance to repair waste, and gentle exercise is one of the conditions favorable to the making of new material. A lot three or four acres in extent, with an open shed in one corner, is what is wanted for an exercise ground.

A Bell With a History.

At Lumpkin, Ga., is a church bell with a history. This old bell has done much service for many different people. It has engraved upon it the year 1600, the year in which it was made. For a number of years it tolled the hour for congregations in a convent in the Netherlands. It was afterward carried to Lisbon, and from there to Madrid, and was in the monastery at that place when the great Napoleon invaded that territory, taking everything as he passed his forces over plains and up mountain sides, and all bells were being taken and re-cast into cannon for the furtherance of his warlike ambition. The owners of this bell, seeing his intentions, and loving their sacred property that had so long served them, secretly took it down from its lonely tower, and placing it on board a large vessel about to sail for this country, shipped it to New York, where it remained for many years, until it was purchased by a Lumpkin man for his church. It has been used so much that it has lost its tone, and will have to be laid aside.

The Life of the Leg.

The perfect leg, like the life of man, suffers many changes in its career. The infant's leg is chubby and of uncertain shape and promises. Its superfluous flesh is apt to leave it at 6 years old, and ten or eleven years must pass before its curves grow picturesque. At 20 it fulfills its destiny, and remains perfect in a healthy figure until nearly middle age. At 50 it begins its decline, which may be marked by scragginess, but is more often distinguished by a settling of the fat below the calf, so that the leg is all one size from knee to shoe top.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Others do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

A SHORT time ago a gentleman of St. Augustine, Fla., heard a bell tikling, and could not tell from what quarter it came until he looked in the air and saw a buzzard with a small brass bell around his neck. He shot the buzzard, and on examination saw an indistinct date, [illegible] bell. He thinks it must [illegible] there by old Menendez

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GIVES GOOD APPETITE, STRENGTH, QUIET NERVES, HAPPY DAYS, SWEET SLEEP.

A POWERFUL TONIC,
that the most delicate stomach will bear.
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--1889--
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Its Daily Issue Bright, Newsy and Enterprising,
Its Weekly the Largest Democratic Weekly in the Union.

THE PITTSBURGH DAILY POST

For the year 1889 will continue with redoubled energy the triumphal endeavor to send out the best Democratic daily in the Union. Its progress the last year indicates its future enterprise. In all departments that constitute a great metropolitan daily it will compete with the foremost. Its telegraphic facilities by special correspondents at all the great news centers will be of the most far reaching and thorough character. Its market reports, local and telegraphic, covering every branch of trade, have won a wide reputation for reliability and fulness. They will be continued and advanced in the same line. Its editorial, news and local departments will be maintained with added vigor and enterprise. The 1889 will be a memorable one in our political and business history, and promises to see the conclusion of the great battle waged on the questions of Tariff Reform and Reduced Taxation. No one who desires to be well informed and abreast of the times can do without his daily paper, bringing him in close touch with the whole world of business, industry, finance, legislation and politics. Washington and Harrisburg will be alike great centers of news. The Old World is on the verge of a volcano of war and revolution. THE PITTSBURG DAILY POST will print all the news.

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Is the largest Democratic Weekly in the Union; and the aim of the publishers is to make it a welcome instructive and entertaining visitor at the family fireside. In addition to a choice variety of literary and miscellaneous matter, THE WEEKLY POST will publish during the year a number of SERIAL TALES by the BEST AMERICAN and FOREIGN NOVELISTS. In book form each of these meritorious works would cost more than the yearly subscription.

Bret Harte's latest serial story, "Crissy," will commence publication in THE POST early next month. It will run for about 10 weeks, and will be immediately followed by another either by Rider Haggard, or some novelist of equal reputation. The fiction department of THE POST will be one of its most interesting and attractive features.

The cattle, produce and grain markets, especially prepared for the weekly edition, will be full and reliable. The news departments will be complete, giving each week the world's history for the week. Able correspondents at Washington, Harrisburg, New York and other important points at home and abroad, will contribute graphic letters on men and events. And, finally, in its political expressions, THE WEEKLY POST will be as it always has been, a thorough-going, unflinching and aggressive Democratic journal. It will bear its part in the great battle of Tariff Reform and Tax Reduction, until a glorious triumph crowns the cause of the people.

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Dogs on the Farm.

There is a great deal to be said for and against the farmers' dogs. In the first place the common, ordinary cur is a nuisance, not only about the house, but more particularly among stock. With no instinctive love for sheep or cattle, he must be trained to keep him from doing absolute damage. Anything which will run will afford a young dog amusement, and when he has once tasted the joys of chasing a flock of sheep or cattle he will lose no chance to amuse himself at the expense of the farmer's stock, and if he carries his pleasure so far as to get a taste of mutton it will require an excellent hand to break him of his fault, a mere reprimand or even a sound thrashing does no good towards curing the evil habit. On the contrary it arouses the dog's cunning and sharpens his wits to such an extent that he will become so sly in his work that he will almost defy the master.

But with such dogs as the Scotch collie, the farmer runs little risk in raising a sheep-killer or a dog that will delight in the vulgar pastime of chasing cattle. These dogs have been bred with great care for many generations, and have been so accustomed to sheep and cattle that their love for the heard and flock has become one of their most pronounced instincts. As puppies they like to scamper after hens, or perhaps follow a running flock of sheep, but there is such an absence of viciousness in their nature that the flock soon come to regard them as inoffensive neighbors. Indeed, a flock of sheep are easily accustomed to a sheep dog, and soon come to enjoy its society.

These dogs are easily trained, and when associated with the herd or flock the knowledge they acquire of their ways is remarkable, and the ingenuity they show in their methods is an evidence of their wonderful sagacity.

Some striking examples of their intelligence have been recorded, and of these none are more remarkable than those which refer to their self-taught acts. They have a real genius, and in the performance of their duties they are constantly picking up bits of information, and they develop in time such a degree of knowledge that it is scarcely necessary to order them to do a given piece of work. They take in the situation themselves, and at once set about doing that which they think should be done.

If farmers want a useful, sagacious, handsome dog they cannot do better than provide themselves with a Scotch collie. Besides being a nice, practical dog among cattle he is a good animal about the house. Cheerful, fond of children, and not given to straying away from home and annoying his neighbors.

Healthfulness of Various Occupations.

Assuming the normal average death rate of the community as the unit of comparison, and calling it 1000, particular occupations may be regarded as healthy or unhealthy, according as the death rates among those pursuing them fall above or below that figure. The most healthy occupation appears to be that of ministers of religion, whose rate is 556. Next are gardeners and nurserymen, 590; farmers and graziers, 631; agricultural laborers, 761; schoolmasters, 719; grocers, coal merchants, paper, lace and hosiery manufacturers, wheelwrights, shipbuilders and coal miners, with all of whom the average death rate is under 775. The most unhealthy occupations are the trades connected with the liquor traffic and hotel service, with which the death rate is 2295; following these are general laborers in London, 2020; costermongers, bankers and street sellers, 1879; innkeepers, etc., 1536; and brewers, 1361. After the trades connected with alcohol, the highest rates are furnished by the patrons that involve the breathing of dust—other than coal dust—and exposure to lead poisonng. The death rate among butchers is also high, 1170.

Under Water Four Minutes.

The question has often been asked, how long is it possible for a man to remain under water? and in order to answer it M. Lacessagne, a well known European scientist, has been making some observations. His chief subject was a celebrated diver, who, it was alleged, could remain under water for four minutes and fourteen seconds, which it must be confessed, is a great advance in duration over the period commonly believed to prove fatal to a completely immersed person. The study of this man revealed certain interesting and important points. In the first place, he expelled all the air from his lungs—that is, all the air which breathing can expel from the lungs, for there always remains in the lungs, an amount over and above that which can be exhaled in the deepest expiration—then he filled his lungs as completely as possible and dived. While in the water he swallowed about a litre of the fluid. On emerging from the water it is said he "snorted" frequently, while his face was congested, his heart beats slow and feeble and his eyes flushed.

Usefulness of Rye.

Rye deserves all that recent writers say of it, and they might have added its special and peculiar usefulness as an occupier of the ground through September and October, when the mild warmth and moisture are favorable to the conversion of nitrogen in the soil into soluble nitrates, which would then be mostly lost by leaching if no active plant roots are present to retain it. The loss is ruinous to farm soils, and should be prevented in gardens by sowing rye as soon as a row or bed is vacant. Another unmentioned merit is the healthfulness of rye flour as an occasional change of diet, far preferable to changing from diet to drugs. The hardiness and sturdy vigor of rye add so greatly to its usefulness in a course for field rotation that it might well be made a question for discussion, wherever a debating club is established in a farming district, whether clover or rye is of most benefit to the farm and the farmer.

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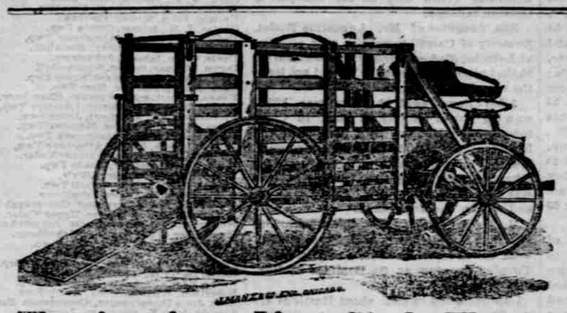

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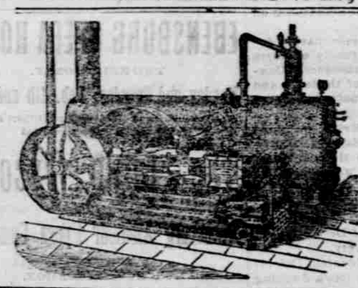

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Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still carrying on business at the old stand opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, or manufacturing to order, any article in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the best manner and at the lowest living prices.
No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.
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Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices. V. LUTTRINGER.
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For Dropsy, Gravel, Nervousness, Bright's Heart, Urinary or Liver diseases. Cure Guaranteed. Office, 831 Arch-street, Philadelphia. All druggists. Try it. $1 bottle, six for $5.
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DON'T BUY YOUR ARCTICS UNTIL YOU HAVE SEEN THE COLCHESTER ARCTIC
with "Outside Counter." Ahead of ALL others in style & durability. If you want the worth of your money try the Colchester with "OUTSIDE COUNTER."
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Dec. 14, 1886.—4m.

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WANTED—Live Canvassers in every county in the United States to sell FOX'S PATENT REVERSIBLE SAD IRON, which combines two Sad Irons, Polisher, Fluter, &c., one iron doing the work of an entire set of ordinary irons. Is self-heating by gas or alcohol lamp. DOES AWAY WITH HOT KITCHENS. Price moderate. A large and lasting income insured to good canvassers. Address, for circulars, &c., FOX SAD IRON CO., 95 Reade St., N. Y.

Deepest Coal Mine in the World.

The Hasard colliery was opened in 1842 by M. d'Andrimont. The area of its concession is 4,170 acres. The colliery employs 961 workmen underground and 273 at the surface. Its output in 1886 was 232,742 tons. The seams worked vary from 2 feet to 4 feet 1 inch in thickness, and the coal is of a semibituminous character. A notable feature in the working of the mine is the use of the Piom and d'Andrimont excavator, an ingenious contrivance for increasing the useful effect of blasting. The shot hole is drilled in the ordinary manner and the excavator is introduced, which hollows out a space at the back of the hole. This enlarged powder chamber is found to greatly increase the useful effect of blasting and also the proportion of round coal. It is used in six seams in the colliery, and has also been adopted at Lens, France. The coals are not brought to the surface of the shafts, but only to the level of 400 feet, whence an endless chain road, two miles long, extends to Bay Bonnet.

The Saint Andre du Poirier mine claims to be the deepest coal mine in the world. It has a royalty of 864 acres, and a yearly production of 200,000 to 250,000 tons. There are two coal drawing shafts, the one 2,952 feet deep, the other 3,083 feet deep. The first shaft is being deepened to 3,149 feet and each of the pits is ventilated by a Guibal fan working in a second shaft.

A Clock Peddler's Trick.

A good story was told your correspondent the other day about a well-known old gentleman who peddled clocks and jewelry in the days before railroad contracts made him worth over a quarter of million. "I distinctly recollect on one occasion," said he, "I was selling clocks near Mechanicsburg, in the beautiful Cumberland Valley, and ran across a house where the man purchased three. After dinner, to which I was invited, my curiosity being excited by the fact of the gentleman's taking three clocks, I asked the reason. He told me that he was one of three brothers who had agreed among themselves that the first one who struck a clock peddler should buy a clock for each. I inquired about the brothers, where they resided and the best way to reach them, and after dinner I started, and before evening had seen the two brothers and sold them each three clocks, making nine in all." When he finished the story the old gentleman gave a chuckle as if he had a accomplished a thing for which he deserved commendation.

Rounding Curves.

People talk about curves and twists in railroad tracks in mountainous countries, where bridges and cuts add to their fears, but it is all nonsense. A curve on such a road is no worse than a curve in a level country. I was thrown from one side of the car to the other, out of a seat, on the Santa Fe a few years ago on level track. You hear a great many stories about suddenly finding yourself in another seat, but this is one of the few actual occurences. It was on a sharp curve, and the engineer was careless, that was all. A curve, in fact, is never felt when a good engineer is at the throttle. This is something that but few people know. If an engineer, on approaching a curve, puts on the air and pulls a train up tant, the cars go around as smoothly as well oiled machinery. It is only when they are left loose and strung out that their passengers are made uncomfortable.

Baking Soda and Saleratus.

Bicasbonate of soda is very often put up in packages and labeled saleratus, but this is an adulteration, or rather a fraud, as real saleratus is the bicarbonate of potash and is obtained from entirely a different source. There is, however, an easy method of distinguishing between the two. If some of the suspected substance be sprinkled pretty thickly over some loose cotton and saturated with alcohol and the alcohol set on fire, the flame will be bright yellow if the substance is baking soda, and purplish if it is real saleratus.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

Pearls of Thought.

Remorse of conscience is like an old wound.

No blessing equals the possession of a stout heart.

Difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity.

Timidity is a stumbling block and turns the feet to ruin.

The way to do good is to be good. There must be light, then it will shine.

Death is as the foreshadowing of life. We die that we may die no more.

If you cast away one cross you will doubtless find another, and perhaps a heavier one.

Our character is but the stamp on our souls of the free choice of good and evil we have made through life.

No creature of the earth that creeps, crawls or flies, but has some superior qualities over the human race, and can accomplish with ease what man could never be trained to do.

Among the writers of old ages some deserve fame and have it; others neither have nor deserve it; some have it, not deserving; others, though deserving, yet totally miss it, or have it not equal to their deserts.

Whosoever deceives a man makes him ruin himself; and by causing an error in the great guile of his actions, his judgment, he causes an error in his choice, the misguidance of which must naturally engage him to his destruction.

There never was any heart truly great and generous that was not also tender and compassionate; it is this noble quality that makes all men to be of one kind, for every man would be a distinct species to himself, were there no sympathy among individuals.

Few people recover frm the neglect or obloquy of their contemporaries. The puolic will hardly be at the pains to try the same cause twice over, or does not like to reverse its own sentence, at least when on the unfavorable side.

Deepest Coal Mine in the World.

The Hasard colliery was opened in 1842 by M. d'Andrimont. The area of its concession is 4,170 acres. The colliery employs 961 workmen underground and 273 at the surface. Its output in 1886 was 232,742 tons. The seams worked vary from 2 feet to 4 feet 1 inch in thickness, and the coal is of a semibituminous character. A notable feature in the working of the mine is the use of the Piom and d'Andrimont excavator, an ingenious contrivance for increasing the useful effect of blasting. The shot hole is drilled in the ordinary manner and the excavator is introduced, which hollows out a space at the back of the hole. This enlarged powder chamber is found to greatly increase the useful effect of blasting and also the proportion of round coal. It is used in six seams in the colliery, and has also been adopted at Lens, France. The coals are not brought to the surface of the shafts, but only to the level of 400 feet, whence an endless chain road, two miles long, extends to Bay Bonnet.

The Saint Andre du Poirier mine claims to be the deepest coal mine in the world. It has a royalty of 864 acres, and a yearly production of 200,000 to 250,000 tons. There are two coal drawing shafts, the one 2,952 feet deep, the other 3,083 feet deep. The first shaft is being deepened to 3,149 feet and each of the pits is ventilated by a Guibal fan working in a second shaft.

A Clock Peddler's Trick.

A good story was told your correspondent the other day about a well-known old gentleman who peddled clocks and jewelry in the days before railroad contracts made him worth over a quarter of million. "I distinctly recollect on one occasion," said he, "I was selling clocks near Mechanicsburg, in the beautiful Cumberland Valley, and ran across a house where the man purchased three. After dinner, to which I was invited, my curiosity being excited by the fact of the gentleman's taking three clocks, I asked the reason. He told me that he was one of three brothers who had agreed among themselves that the first one who struck a clock peddler should buy a clock for each. I inquired about the brothers, where they resided and the best way to reach them, and after dinner I started, and before evening had seen the two brothers and sold them each three clocks, making nine in all." When he finished the story the old gentleman gave a chuckle as if he had a accomplished a thing for which he deserved commendation.

Rounding Curves.

People talk about curves and twists in railroad tracks in mountainous countries, where bridges and cuts add to their fears, but it is all nonsense. A curve on such a road is no worse than a curve in a level country. I was thrown from one side of the car to the other, out of a seat, on the Santa Fe a few years ago on level track. You hear a great many stories about suddenly finding yourself in another seat, but this is one of the few actual occurences. It was on a sharp curve, and the engineer was careless, that was all. A curve, in fact, is never felt when a good engineer is at the throttle. This is something that but few people know. If an engineer, on approaching a curve, puts on the air and pulls a train up tant, the cars go around as smoothly as well oiled machinery. It is only when they are left loose and strung out that their passengers are made uncomfortable.

Baking Soda and Saleratus.

Bicasbonate of soda is very often put up in packages and labeled saleratus, but this is an adulteration, or rather a fraud, as real saleratus is the bicarbonate of potash and is obtained from entirely a different source. There is, however, an easy method of distinguishing between the two. If some of the suspected substance be sprinkled pretty thickly over some loose cotton and saturated with alcohol and the alcohol set on fire, the flame will be bright yellow if the substance is baking soda, and purplish if it is real saleratus.

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Sick-Headache, AND DYSPEPSIA.

HUMOROUS.

Warranted to wash—A laundress.

A full stop—Asleep on the sidewalk at 1 o'clock in the morning.

The dancing master should be quick at figures.

Usually seen on his last legs—The kangaroo.

Always turning over a new leaf—A librarian.

Motto of real estate men—"Deeds, not words."

Applicants for loans generally adopt a borrow-tone.

There is nothing like a bolt for breaking a dead-lock.

The wind now whistling through the corn fields has a husky tone.

A hew and cry usually follow the small boy's acquisition of a pocket knife.

Goods in the hands of a merchant who does not advertise are like row boats. They have no sale.

Nature is just with compensation for losses. The toothless man is not apt to bite off more than he can chew.

The girl with a six-foot sweetheart said she wouldn't tell a story but she couldn't help but "draw a long bow."

A clergyman who married a couple of deaf mutes in Brooklyn the other day made a bad break when he wished them "unspeakable bliss."

The only thing that can down true genius and curb genuine inspiration is a pen that catches in the paper and secentes a design in splatter-work at every third stroke.

A wealthy young lawyer spent two days and one night over one case, and at the end of that time could not tell what side he was on. It was a case of champagne.

First amateur Nimrod—"It is getting late and we haven't killed anything yet." Second amateur Nimrod—"Well, let us miss a couple more rabbits and then go home."

He had just joined the light battery and was telling his best girl of the fact. Then he kissed her. "What are you doing, sir?" she asked. "Only making a report at headquarters."

Miss Keane (to a handsome young physician)—"Oh, doctor, how do you do? You look killing this evening." Young physician (quietly)—"Thank you, but I'm not; I'm off duty, don't you know?"

A young redskin school boy was asked the other day what is the highest form of animal life. "The giraffe," was the prompt reply of the lad, who had evidently been taking in the sense of the pale face.

A lady having remarked in company that she thought there should be a tax on the single state—"Yes, madam," rejoined a most notable specimen of the uncompromising old bachelor who was present, "as on other luxuries."

"The churn must go," says an agricultural exchange. Of course it must in order that the butter may come.

When a woman shows enough interest in a man to pink a piece of lint off his overcoat, he can marry her if he only says so.

Genuine Growth.

Success in the past is no guaranteed success in the future. Careless reliance upon past triumph has caused the downfall of many a one. Every step upwards is likely to require more effort than its predecessor. Every past triumph only raises the *public expectation* for still greater achievements the next time. If the author or lecturer is not constantly eclipsing former effort, he is in danger of "falling flat." It is not safe for any victor to rest upon his laurels; yet, with every step forward, he who has triumphed thus far is approaching nearer the limit of his powers. These powers, it is true, are susceptible of a legitimate and ever progressing growth; but one's eagerness to fully sustain reputation, and to surprise, by new revelations of hitherto unsuspected power, those who look up to him, may spur him on to perilous or impossible leaps. There is a verge beyond which he may not venture—without being hurled over the precipice. Sharply defined with narrow bounds is all human genius and capacity. The man is yet to be born who can scale eternal heights, and who has no need for modesty in the presence of the Eternal.

A Well-Devised Revenge.

A friend of ours owned a kitten and a puppy of about the same age. They had grown up together and were always good friends. The puppy being of the Newfoundland speciman, grew to be a great dog, but kitty did not seem to be afraid of him, although he was so large; in fact, she rather imposed upon good nature by biting his ears, scratching his face and teasing him in every way imaginable, whenever he tried to go to sleep. At last, one day, when kitty had tormented him more than any respectable dog ought to stand, he suddenly got up, rushed out of the house and hurried to a place in the yard where it was very sandy and began to dig furiously. In a few minutes he had dug quite a large hole. He then walked into the house and going up to his little tormentor with an air of "now I'll attend to your case," seized her in his mouth and started for the hole. In this hole he deposited kitty, and holding her with one great paw, he shoveled dirt on her with the other one. We watched the fun for a few seconds when, being really afraid he would bury her, we